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Belshazzar's Feast, from Martin.

The subject of this picture is to be found in the fifth chapter of the book of Daniel. There has been much dispute, and there is unquestionably no small difficulty, in endeavoring to reconcile the names and dates of the account given in this book with the Greek histories. This is not a fit place for entering into any such discussions. It is enough to say that Belshazzar, the last prince of the Babylonish or Chaldean empire, seems to be the same who is called Labynetus by Herodotus, and that Darius the Mede, mentioned in v. 31, is very probably Cyaxares, the son of Astyages, the Median, and consequently the uncle of Cyrus. He was, it may be conjectured, left in the government of Babylon by Cyrus, and his age, sixty-two, favours the supposition of his relationship as uncle to the undoubted destroyer of the Chaldean monarchy. The best date of the capture of this mighty city is about 538 years before Christ.

The measure of the appointed time was now nearly full, when it pleased God to put an end to the government of the Chaldean princes, to substitute for it the Medes and Persians, and thereby to effect the restoration of a certain part of the captive Israelites, to the land of their fathers, and to a free use of all their religious rites.

Belshazzar had been defeated in the field, and shut up in the city, the strength and resources of which were so great, that they treated the seemingly fruitless efforts of the besiegers under Cyrus with contempt. The siege or blockade, probably a very imperfect one, continued in this way for a long time, and the insolence and regardlessness of Belshazzar increased in proportion. But his hour was come, and it came upon him at the moment of his last act of profaneness and defiance of God. The presence of a hostile army before his walls, made no good impression on his mind; he still went on in his usual course of wanton luxury, and thought more of indicting an insult on the people whom his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar had brought into bondage in Babylonia, than of humbling himself before the Lord, or of performing the ordinary duties of a king and leader under such serious circumstances.

"Belshazzar, the king," as it is written in the book of Daniel, "made a great feast, to a thousand of his lords, and drunk wine before the thousand." The reader must observe that this was a sacrificial feast, and in fact a great solemnity, in honour of the Babylonish god, Bel or Belus, whose symbol was a huge serpent. "Belshazzar, whilst he tasted the wine, commanded to bring the golden and silver vessels which his father, (*grandfather*) Nebuchadnezzar had taken out of the temple which was in Jerusalem; that the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines might drink in them. Then they brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple of the house of God which was in Jerusalem; and the king, and his princes, his wives, and his concubines, drank in them. *They drank wine, and praised the god of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.*"

God is no more a respecter of things than of persons. Incense in an earthen vessel, offered with a devout spirit, would have been as acceptable as from the golden censers of Solomon's Temple. The quality of the gift is as he heart of the giver. It was not for the sacred vessel's sake, but to note that the wanton profaning of any known instrument or ordinance of divine worship, is really impious, that God now thought fit to mark the near approach of his vengeance by a stupendous miracle. For "in the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace; and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

Belshazzar, subdued with terror, and conscience-stricken, summons his wise men and astrologers; they are confounded at the apparition, and cannot interpret its meaning; and at length, upon the queen's suggestion, Daniel, called by the Chaldeans Belteshazzar, is brought into the banquet-hall, and commanded, with promise of great honors and rewards, to declare the words of the mystic writing.

The answer of the prophet of Israel is uncommonly grand and impressive:—"Let thy gifts be to thyself, and give thy rewards to another; yet I will read the writing to the king, and make known to him the interpretation.

"O thou king, the most high God gave Nebuchadnezzar thy father a kingdom and majesty and glory and honor: and for the majesty that he gave him, all people, nations, and languages, trembled and feared before him; whom he would he slew; and whom he would he kept alive; and whom he would he set up; and whom he would he put down. But when his heart was lifted up, and his mind hardened in pride, he was deposed from his kingly throne, and they took his glory from him: and he was driven from the sons of men; and his heart was made like the beasts, and his dwelling was with the wild asses; they fed him with grass like oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven; till he knew that the most high God ruled in the kingdom of men, and that he appointeth over it whomsoever he will.

"And thou his son, O Belshazzar, has not humbled thine heart, though thou knewest all this; But hast lifted up thyself against the Lord of Heaven; and they have brought the vessels of his house before thee, and thou, thy lords, thy wives, and thy concubines, have drunk wine in them; and thou hast praised the gods of silver and gold, of brass, iron, wood, and stone, which see not, nor hear, nor know; and the God in whose hand thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified. Then was the part of the hand sent from him; and this writing was written. And this is the writing that was written.—MENE, MENE, TEKEL, UPHARSIN. This is the interpretation of the thing: MENE—God hath *numbered* thy kingdom, and finished it.—TEKEL—thou art *weighed* in the balances, and art found wanting, PERES—thy kingdom is *divided*, and given to the Medes and *Persians*.

These ominous words are (as indeed is the whole text from the fourth verse of the second chapter, to the end of the seventh chapter) Chaldee, and it does not very clearly appear whether the circumstances of their appearance were such, that the Chaldeans could not even *read* them: or whether, which is sufficient, and seems more probable, it is only meant that they could give no connected interpretation of them. *Mene* signifies to reckon, or take an account; and the word is repeated, according to an Eastern idiom, for the purpose of marking the certainty and solemnity of the fact. *Tekel*, [illegible] and *Upharsin*, literally, they divide it. It is observable that in the twenty-eighth verse Daniel interprets *Upharsin* as *Peres*; the fact is, they are the same word, and *Peres* is perhaps used to embrace another subject of the prophetic threatening.—*Peres* being the Chaldee name for the Persians, who are more particularly noted on account of Cyrus, the leader of the besieging forces, and the founder of the great Medish-Persian empire.

It only remains to remark, that Herodotus, the Greek historian, who wrote about seventy or eighty years after the date of this capture of Babylon, says that Cyrus entered the city by the bed of the river Euphrates, the course of which he had turned, and surprised the inhabitants, who were intent on the celebration of a great festival. The book of Daniel simply says: In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain. And Darius, the Median, [probably Cyaxares, as before mentioned] took the kingdom, being about three-score and two years old.

THE HUGUENOT'S FAREWELL.

By Mrs. Hemans.

I stand upon the threshold stone
Of mine ancestral hall;
I hear my native river moan;
I see the night o'er my old forests fall.

I look round on the darkening vale,
That saw my childhood's plays:
The low wind in its rising wail
Hath a strange tone, a sound of other days.

But I must rule my swelling breath:
A sign is in the sky;
Bright o'er you grey rock's eagle nest
Shines forth a warning star—it bids me fly.

My father's sword is in my hand,
His deep voice haunts mine ear:
He tells me of the noble land,
Whose lives have left a brooding glory here.

He bids their offspring guard from stain
Their pure and lofty faith;
And yield up all things, to maintain
The cause, for which they girt themselves to death.

And I obey.—I leave their towers
Unto the stranger's tread;
Unto the creeping grass and flowers;
Unto the fading pictures of the dead.

I leave their shields to slow decay,
Their banners to the dust;
I go, and only bear away
Their old, majestic name,—a solemn trust!

I go up to the ancient hills,
Where chains may never be,
Where leap in joy the torrent rills,
Where man may worship God, alone and free.

There shall an altar and a camp
Impregnantly arise;
There shall be lit a quenchless lamp,
To shine, unwavering, through the open skies.

And song shall midst the rocks be heard,
And fearless prayer ascend;
While, thrilling to God's holy word,
The mountain pines in adoration bend.

And there the burning heart no more
Its deep thought shall suppress,
But the long buried truth shall pour
Free currents thence, amidst the wilderness.

Then fare thee well, my mother's bower,
Farewell, my father's hearth;
Perish, my home! where lawless power
Hath rent the tie of love to native earth.

Perish! let deathlike silence fall
Upon the lone abode:
Spread fast, dark ivy, spread thy pall—
I go up to the mountains, with my God.

TO MISS C. R. P.

'Tis folly, 'tis folly, to cling thus to life,
In a world thus surrounded by care and by strife;
Oh then let us hasten on hope's spangled wing,
To Heavenly joys forever let's cling.
'Tis folly, 'tis folly, to seek in each flower,
Which buds, blooms, and dies in the space of an hour,
For pleasure, or joy, what they're not here;
But usurping their place, you'll find wrinkled care.
'Tis folly, 'tis folly, with pleasure to sip,
Her cup tho' so fair, will but poison your lip;
Even *Friendship*, as false as the meteor oft seen,
Her original only is found, up in Heaven.
'Tis folly, 'tis folly, to follow love's ear,
For his chariot is swiftly fleeting afar;
And his roseate wreath, tho' flung at your feet,
Will prove but a sorry and heart-rending cheat.
Let pious religion inlurl her bright wing,
And instant thy soul has an happiness spring,
And the rose on thy cheek, shall ne'er lose its dye,
Or thy bosom breathe forth, o'er the shade of a sigh.

RENEGADE.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

ATHENIAN ACADEMY.

Extracts from an Address on Popular Education, delivered at the request of the Trustees of the *Athenian Academy*, Rahway, N. J. by John B. Scales, Esq. of New York, May 16th, 1835.

To teach a boy to read, is but placing a key in his hand which he may use or not—to unlock the treasures of thought. If he does nothing but play with the key, you have done nothing more than to furnish him with the means of amusement, less injurious, and therefore preferable to the grosser ones of sense.—Reading for no other purpose than to be amused, is but playing with the key. I do not wish to educate every one for the walks of statesmanship or diplomacy—but it seems to me, that every American who exercises the right of suffrage, ought to be ashamed to acknowledge that he has not read the Constitution of his country, and is equally ignorant of that of his own state. I do not wish to make every one a scientific lecturer in physics, or a chemical experimenter—but it seems to me, that any man of reflection would like to know something of his own wonderful frame, and his connection with the varied creation by which he is surrounded. Can there be a nobler curiosity, than that which prompts us with no unworthy feeling, and for no unhallowed purpose, to look into the arcana of nature? Can there be a more rational or a higher gratification, than what the acquisition of such knowledge affords to such a curiosity? Will it not raise the soul to brighter and truer conceptions of the attributes of that great Being, by whom and for whom all things are and were created? Can we not acquire wisdom, by reflecting upon the recorded wisdom of the sages of old? Can we not strengthen virtuous fortitude in the midst of temptation, by the examples of those who sustained the cause of truth, fearless of the kindled flames of martyrdom, or the scaffold's pains and degradation? Can we not learn to avoid the rocks upon which others have wrecked their hopes, and become prudent from the observation of their experience? And what is all this—but the beneficial result of a wise distribution of our time—a judicious application of our leisure to the great purpose of mental improvement? We all have those spaces of time which we can fill up in this way. It is perfectly absurd for a man to talk of his want of leisure for mental employments. No business ought, or does wholly occupy the time—and those who are constantly talking of their want of leisure, are in the daily habit of *idling away*—literally wasting hours, that ought be agreeably as well as profitably employed.—The industrious *systematic* man always has some leisure. The man who having some occupation, a deficient in this admirable quality of *systematic* industry never has any leisure. He is continually occupied in nothings. The day closes in upon him, before he has completed what he ought to have done before the dial pointed to the hour of noon—when a portion of the day could have been given to the acquisition of useful knowledge. Look at the men who have been engaged in employments involving an immensity of most responsible duty, and who have not been the less remarkable for their active industry, than for their capacious intellects—were they without leisure? At the time that Sir Walter Scott, was putting forth his admired novels at the rate of four volumes a year—he was faithful in the performance of his duties as an Advocate, and clerk of the Court of Session in Edinburgh: the best productions of Brougham, were written when he was a barrister in full practice, and leader of the opposition in the House of Commons; those profound and labored works of the great Cuvier, which are unrivalled for solidity of judgment and profound and accurate research, were the employment of hours abstracted from the multifarious duties of a high official station;—and who, I might ask, are the individuals that supply with the ablest articles, the periodical press of our country? Professional men, who cultivate letters in the leisure intervals of a business life.

Let us hear no more then of a want of leisure—but let every man recall to mind, the many hours he has dissipated away in trifling amusement or absolute inaction, and seriously ask himself the question—whether it would not have been better for him, to have employed that time in something that was calculated to raise the genius, improve the understanding, and sweeten the heart?

Does the man of profligate habits, think you, enjoy life? Does he drink in pleasure from the bowl? Does the round of vicious indulgence afford him any real substantial lasting bliss? Were he so honest, he would tell you in reply—of the sufferings of excess and the tortures of remorse—he clouded mind—the aching heart—the sinking frame! Even in most instances, if we were to trace his habits to their true source, we would find that they proceeded from the want of mental resources. He had nothing within, and was obliged to look abroad for amusement. Of how many may this be said! They were perhaps born and nurtured in affluence—the heirs of ample wealth; they were indulged in all the whims which a youthful fancy could engender; a parent's fond indulgence spread every frivolous gratification around them; but the mind was not cultivated. They grew up, ignorant and luxurious—they became their own masters—destitute of resources within—with no desire of scientific amusement—with no fondness for books—with no refined taste—they have plunged into dissipation—they have become grosser as they proceeded—ordinary profligacy has at length lost its zest and attraction—and they have sunk into the wretched beastuality of drunkenness, and been consigned with a broken constitution to a premature grave—the victims of a suicide as sure, and not less criminal, than that of him who lets his own life by a quicker, but not more certain poison! Is there one among us, who cannot now call to mind some instance of such a life cut short by such a death? If you want to give young men something that will operate as a protection against the seductions and temptations to indulgence in these destructive excesses—give them mental resources—give them fixed principles—give them refined tastes. Then they can turn within for amusement, and will prove that there are enjoyments superior to those of the senses—enjoyments, that not "for a while a fragrance throw, but leave no trace of sweets behind"—but enjoyments which freshen upon recollection, and can be returned to at any time, with appetite increased by what is fed on. No man ever yet said, that he was sorry that he had cultivated a taste for study. In the whole range of human experience, there never was a solitary instance of an individual passing out his regrets over hours employed by him in rational mental application. Of what other employments can this be said? Certainly not at the pursuit of pleasure—the struggles of ambition—or the bustle of trade.

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Ladies, permit me to address myself to you, and respectfully enquire whether it has not been yours, to realize the benefit, or to feel the need of mental resources? Have some of you never breathed the secret wish, or acknowledged the wearying desire, that you could turn within for amusement in a solitary, or for consolation in a melancholy hour? You that possess the treasure of such resources—have you not tried and found them true to you, when other external attractions have failed to interest, and could not remove the weight that was pressing down your spirits?—Who is it that can best endure the shock of misfortune? It is the woman of disciplined mind. Who can more securely amid the allurements that may be thrown around her path? It is the woman of fixed principles. Who is the happiest being in the cherished privacy of her own loved home? It is the woman of mental resources. Has she a husband? She is indeed a helpmate to him. Has she children? She gives them the impressions for good which are never lost. She stamps the infant intellect, and gives that first impetus to intellectual and novel greatness, which has been acknowledged with fervent gratitude, by so many of the illustrious of mankind! It were ungallant to withdraw the veil from the opposite picture, and to show the ruin which has been brought upon husbands—children, communities; the disgrace which has fallen upon families; the untold evils that have flowed from female ignorance, and its consequent weakness. It has been admired by a censorious foreigner who has deigned to comment upon the character of our countrymen, and who has not spared even our fair country women—that the young ladies of this country were equal in the refinements of education to those of his own, and that he never met with more really intelligent female society than in the United States. Let our ladies do their utmost, not only to retain and deserve this reputation, but to enhance it; not by offensive pretension or affected pedantry—but which, offensive though it be—is to my mind far preferable to the other extreme of the simplicity of ignorance; but by the acquisition of sound principles and useful knowledge—the habit of careful thought and impartial examination, and the cultivation of a correct and elegant taste. That sex so distinguished for displays of the noblest emotions, and the warmest and gentlest affections of our nature, has for this very reason, the greater need of mental discipline, and a more apt to be deficient therein, than many would be inclined to suppose, from listening solely to the language of those who wish to gain more [illegible] and the influence of the sex. Pardon the presence of the presence, may I be allowed to caution them against a false confidence in their sex, who cannot address them, without embellishing their remarks with some inflated compliment to their understandings, which their own good sense is inclined to reject as unmerited. * * * J. B. S.

THE SLIPPERS.

AN ARABIAN TALE.

Translated from the French.

There formerly lived at Bagdad an old shop-keeper, Aboa Cassem, by name; much celebrated for his avarice. Though he was exceedingly rich, his clothes were composed of shreds and patches; his turban, of the coarsest linen, was so filthy, dirty and greasy that its original colour could no longer be distinguished; and all his wardrobe (the whole of which he carried on him) his slippers merited the particular attention of the curious. The soles were ornamented with immense hob-nails, and the uppers were apparently nothing but patches. The tar turned ship Argo itself, was not composed of as many pieces; and during the ten years that they had been slippers, the most skilful cobblers of the country had exhausted all the ingenuity of their art, in collecting, and drawing together the ruins. They had even become so weighty, as to be a proverb; and when his townsmen wished to speak of anything as peculiarly burthensome, the slippers of Cassem were always the object of comparison.

One day as the merchant was walking in the grand bazaar of the city, some one offered to sell him a considerable quantity of chrysal; he quickly concluded the bargain, as it was a very advantageous one. Having learned some days after, that a ruined parliamer, being compelled as a last resource, to sell a quantity of the finest rose waters, the merchant profited by the misfortune of this poor man, and purchased the rose water at less than half its value. This good fortune put him in a good humor; in place of giving a great feast, as was the custom of the Eastern merchants, when they made a good bargain, he found it more expedient to venture the expense of going to the bath, where he had not been for a long time.

As he was taking off his garments, one of his friends, or at least a person he took to be such, (for misers very rarely have friends) told him that his slippers made him the laughing stock of the whole city, and that he ought to purchase others.

"I have been thinking of that for a long time," replied Cassem, "but indeed there are not so much worn out, but that I can wear them some time yet."

During this conversation he had entered the bathroom. Whilst he was bathing, the Cadi of Bagdad came in also. Cassem having finished before the judge, passed into the outer room; he dressed, but sought in vain for his slippers; but in the place of them, he found a beautiful new pair. Our miser persuaded himself—because he wished it—that he who had spoken so well, had left them as a present; and put them on, and left the bath in very good spirits, because he had been spared the mortification of purchasing a pair of slippers.

When the Cadi had finished bathing, his slaves hunted every where for his slippers—but they found none but a vile pair of leather ones; which were discovered to be those of Cassem. The eunuchs perused the ugly used chest, and brought him back accused of theft; the Cadi, after having again changed slippers, sent him to prison. Money was necessary to get out of the claws of justice, and as Cassem was reputed to be at least as rich as he was avaricious, they did not let him escape without paying a pretty large sum.

On his return home, the afflicted Cassem in spite, threw his slippers into the Tigris, which flowed under his windows. A few days after, some fishermen drawing a net more heavy than usual, found in it the slippers of Cassem. The cads, with which they were covered, had broken the meshes of the net. The fishermen angry, both at Cassem and the slippers, took it into their heads to throw them into his house through the windows which he had left open;—the slippers being thrown with some force, struck the vials which were in the window and knocked them down; the bottles were broken, and all the fine rose water was lost. Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, if you can, the grief of Cassem, at these accumulated disasters.

"Cursed slippers," cried he tearing his beard, "you have caused me great losses." He sighed, and taking a shovel, made a hole in his garden to bury his ruined, though still beloved shoes.

One of his neighbors, who for a long time had a spite against him, saw him replacing the earth; he immediately ran to tell the governor that Cassem had dug up a treasure in his garden; he only wished to excite the cupidity of the commander. It was useless for our miser to say that he had not found a treasure; and that he had only buried his old shoes; the governor had calculated on getting the money, and poor Cassem was not set at liberty until he had payed another large sum.

Our man was desperate, and wishing his slippers to the devil with all his heart, went to throw them into an aqueduct some distance from the city; he believed for once, that he would hear nothing more of his slippers; but the devil, who was not yet tired of playing tricks, very justly directed the slippers to the small opening of the aqueduct, and they stopped the flow of water. The overseers of the fountain hastened to repair the damage, they found and carried to the governor the old shoes of Cassem, declaring that they had done all the mischief. The unfortunate master of the slippers, was sent to prison, and condemned to pay a fine far heavier than the two first ones. The governor who had punished the crime, proceeding to be very liberal, returned the precious slippers to the owner. Cassem, in order to prevent any further evils that they might cause, determined to burn them; and as they were perfect by soaked with water, he placed them to the sun on the terrace of his house.

But fortune had not yet exhausted all her arrows against him, and the last which she had reserved for him, was more cruel than all the rest. A dog, belonging to one of the neighbors, perceived the slippers, and jumped from the terrace of his master to that of our miser; he took one of the shoes in his mouth; and while playing with it, let it fall into the street. This unlucky old shoe fell directly on the head of a lady who was passing at that moment. The terror and the vivacity of the blow occasioned a long and dangerous illness. The husband complained to the Cadi, and Cassem was condemned to pay a fine proportionate to the magnitude of the injury of which he was the cause.

He returned home, and taking his two slippers in his hands returned to the Cadi:

"Seigneur,"* said he to the Cadi—with so dolorous a visage, that the judge could not restrain his laughter, —"here are the fatal instruments of all my troubles, these cursed slippers have at length reduced me to poverty; condemned to have them arrested, in order that the misfortunes which they will still undoubtedly occasion, may not be imputed to me."

The Cadi could not refuse his request, and Cassem learned to his cost, the great danger of not frequently changing his slippers. H. H.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT IS PRIDE?

'Tis the enemy o' taste rotin'd,
The vice o' many fools;
Progenosse o' a little mind—
It oft times truth o'er rules.

'Tis sometimes made a substitute,
Where wit and virtue fail—
But oh alas! its ill repute
Is frequently too stale.

'Tis artificial poverty,
In gaudy garb array'd,—
A cloak to hide hypocrisy,
Wi' flowerets portray'd.

In short, 'tis a foolish notion,
By none but fools upheld;
'Tis vanity, vain opinionation,
Refined worse expell'd.

H. C. G.

PADDY THE PIPER.

I'll tell you Sir, a mighty quare story, and it's as thrue as I'm standin' here, and that's no lie:

It was in the time of the "rorisin," when the long summer days, like many a fine fellow's precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law,—that wouldn't let a decent boy be out in the evenin', good or bad: for when the day's work was over, divils one of us dare go to meet a friend over a glass, or a pint in the dance: but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never bother our nice little cabin door, until the morning kem again.—Well, as I was sayin', we were sittin' round the fire, and the potatoes was boilin', and the noggins of butther-milk was standin' ready for our suppers, when a knock kem to the door.

"Whisht," says my father, "here's the sogers come upon us now," says he: "bad luck to them, the villians! I'm afeard they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door," says he. "No," says my mother: "for I'm sither hanging an old sack and my own petticoat agin it, a while ago."—Well, whisht, says how," says my father. "but there's a knock agin;" and we a'l held our breath, and never a word was heard in the house, "Oh, it's only the partied are, you mane," says my father; "they've too cute to be put off that a way," says he. "Go Shamus," says he to me, "and see who's in it." How can I see who's in it in the dark? says I. "Well," says he "light the candle, then, and see who's in it: but don't open the door, for your life, larrin' they brake it in," says he: "excepting to the sogers, and spake thim fair, if it's thim." So, with that, I wint to the door and there was another knock. "Who's there?" says I. "It's me," says he. "Who are you, says I. "A friend," says he. "Aisther's me, says I—who are you at all?" "Arrah! don't you know me?" says he. Divil a taste, says I. "Sure, I'm Paddy, the piper," says he. Oh, throth and thin! says I, if you, Paddy, that's in it? "Sorra one else," says he. And what brought you at this hour, says I. "By gar," says he, "I didn't like goin' the road by the road," says he: "and as I kem the short cut, and thin's what detained me," says he. Oh, throth, says I—Paddy, I'm afeard you'll be in your shoes for the like," says I: for you know yourself it's a hangin' matter to be cotched out these times, says I. "Sure I know that," says he. "God help me: and that's what I kem to you for," says he, and let me in for an old acquaintance sake," says poor Paddy. Oh, by the mass, says I, I can't open the door for the wife and the childher, and throth if the Husbands of every one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know better, would do the like, and give and take sharp steel in friendship—but I'm forgotin'—well, he sees with his knife, and what done he do, but his own off the legs av the carpin: "and," says he, "I can take off the boots at my convaynience," and throth it was as I said before a dirty turn.

Well, sir, he tuck'd the legs under his arm, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud: "Oh!" is it there you are?" says he to the moon, "for he was intimate with the moon, and thin, sezin' that he made a mistake and thought the same light deceived him, and that it wasn't the only moon, as he conceived; and how! fathers of the first himself ought to be cursed and turned like the poor carpin he was after a murtherin', if he was found walking the country at that time, by sir, he turned about, and walked back again to the cow house, and hidin the carpse's legs in the athrow, Paddy wint to sleep again. But what do you think?—the divil a long Paddy was there until the sogers kem in airnest, and by the powers, they carried off Paddy and me, and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—

You see after sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up thinkin' it was mornin', but it was no mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that deceived him: but, at all events, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, because he was goin' off to the town land by, a bein' fair-day, to pick up a few bastes, and to sell his pipes. So he wakened a dacther piper was in all the country round, our Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy, that he was illigant on the pipes, and played "I jump baigirl the Weaver," bevant twice, and the "Hare in the Corn," that you'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horses cum like mad.

Well, as I was sayin' he set off to go the fair, and he was considerin' along through the fields, but he did'nt go far, until, chokin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t'other side, he heard a thump agin some, and that made the fire flash out av his eyes. So with that he looks up and what do you think it was. Lord be merciful to us! but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a tree!

"Oh, the top o' the mornin' to you, sir," says Paddy; "and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? Throth you took a start of me."—says poor Paddy (and it was threw for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Christhias crather being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

Now, 'twas the rebels that hanged this chap, bekase, you see, the corpse had good clothes on him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels,—by raison that the Hessthians and the Orangemen never hanged any body wid good clothes on him, but only the poor and ignorant countherymin, like us. Well, as I was sayin', Paddy turned to me, and says he, "and," says he, "I'll thank you for the loan of them shoes, for I'm afeard they'll be wanted agin," says he, "for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be sellin, the fine thick cow, as she is to, all appearance." Indeed, thin, says I, upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow:—"Maybe," says he "it's yourself that's thinkin' to regard the cow, doesn't feed well"—"Och, by the mass that says I, in regard of fordin', there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind easy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her."—Why indeed, I'm not in a hurry," says he, "and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair"—With all my heart, says I, particularly as to be no ways concarned; but, in truth, I began to be afeared that the people was seein' somethin' unnathural about her, and that we'd never get rid of her, at all at all.

At last we kem to the fair, and a great right o' people was in it—throth you'd think the whole world was there, let alone the standin' o' gi gerbread and illigant ribbons, and makin' o' beautiful gownds and pinch-and-toss and merry-go-roun's and tints with the best av drink in them, and the fiddles playin' up t' incourage the boys and girls: but I never minded them at all, but determint to sell the chevin' rogue of a cow afore I'd mind any diversion in life, so off I threw her into the thick av the fair, who, all of a sudden, as I was to the farest away at a hint, up comes the pipers to the tune of "Tatthera Jack Welsh" and, my cow's, in a minit, the cow cock'd her ear, and was makin' a dart at the tail. Och, murther, says I, to the boys, steadie! hey, hould her, says I, hould her,—she are one piper already, the vagabone, and bad luck to her, she wants another now,—Is it a row for to stir a piper," says one o' them. Divil a word of it in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin' but the legs, says I; and it's a folly to be schrivin' to hide it, for I see she'll never have it aff—as Poor Paddy Grogin knows in his case, the Lord be merciful to him.—Who's that thinin' my name in vain," says a voice in the crowd: and with that, shovin' the throng a one side, with the divil a thought I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance! Oh, hould him, too, says I; keep him av me, for it's hot a mouth at all, but his ghosts, says he was left last night to my aarnin knowledge, every inch av him, as I'm alive.

Well, sir, with that, Paddy,—for it was Paddy himself, as it kem out afther,—fell a laughin', that you'd think he'd split his sides, and when he kem to himself, he says and says he, "for your good nathures, I'll pay you the pace. I know it's not the likes o' that is in store for me, any how." Fair thin, says I, you had better lose no time in hidin' yourself, says I, for throth I tell you, it's a short thrial and a long rope the Husthians would be afther giv in' you; for throth I don't like to see any one hung, it's horrid. "Faith, thin, more's the raison you should let me in, Shamus," says poor Paddy. It's a folly to talk, says I, I don't open the door. "Oh, thin, millia murther!" says Paddy, "what'll become of me at all, at all," says he. Go an' into the shed, says I, behind the house, where the cow is, and there's an illigant tuck o' straw, that you may go and sleep in, says I, and a fine bed it will be for a lord, let alone a piper.

So aff Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and then him away from the corpse, and the cow, and the sogers was ready for him, and the pay is always well-to in the pass they were in. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy he himself in the cow-house, and soon I was fast asleep, when I was wakened by a purty little gyar hack.—Faith, thin, you're right enough, says I; it is to the fair I'm going. "What do you expect for her?" says he. Faith thin, myself does'nt know, says I—and that was true enough you see, bekase I was bewildered like about the baste entirely.—That's a quare way to be goin' to market," says he, "and not to know what you expect for your baste?" Och, says I, I'm not in the laste suspict there was any thing wrong wid her,—och, says I, in a careless sort of a way sure no one can tell what a baste is long, until they come to the fair, says I, and see what price is goin".—Indeed that's thrue enough," says he. "But if you were bet a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you on it as well take it," says he. Oh, I'e'e no objection in life says I. "Well, thin, what will you ax for her," says he. Why, thin, I wouldn't like to be onryasonable, says I, (for the truth was, you know, I wanted to get rid o' her:) and so I'll take four pounds for her and no less." No less," says he. Why sure that's cheap enough, says I. "Throth it is," said he; "and I'm thinkin' it's too chape it is," says he: for if there wasn't somethin' the matther, it's not for that you'd be sellin, the fine thick cow, as she is to, all appearance." Indeed, thin, says I, upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow:—"Maybe," says he "it's purty near bust you are, in regard of her doesn't feed well"—Och, by the mass that says I, in regard of fordin', there's not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind easy, and if you like her for the money, you may have her."—Why indeed, I'm not in a hurry," says he, "and I'll wait till I see how they go in the fair"—With all my heart, says I, particularly as to be no ways consarned; but, in truth, I began to be afeared that the people was seein' somethin' unnathural about her, and that we'd never get rid o' her, at all at all.

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MUREL, THE LAND PIRATE—THE MISSISSIPPI CONSPIRACY.

A gentleman of Tennessee has favoured us with a copy of a pamphlet of eighty-four pages, containing a history of the desertion, conviction, life, and designs of John A. Murel, the great western land Pirate, together with his system of villainy, and his plan of operation. He was born in the state of Tennessee, and at a very early age acquired considerable notoriety for his skill in the performance of feats of villainy. In the early part of his career, his attention was principally directed to stealing horses and slaves. Meeting chiefly with extraordinary success in his operations, he collected a band of villains, armed them, and plotted the destruction of the white population of the banks, and one southern country, the robbery of the banks, and one wide scene of devastation and murder. He thus described himself to Mr. Virgil A. Stuart, the young man who under the pretence of becoming one of the gang, won the confidence of Murel, and succeeded in bringing him to justice. While riding together in Tennessee, the following conversation ensued:

Murel. Come, sir, ride up, the night is cold and we have far to go, and we had as well pass the time as freely as possible; come up, and I will tell you another feat of this elder brother, whom I was telling you of.

Stranger. Yes, sir, with all my heart, it it is as good as the last.

Murel. He is a d——d likely fellow, tall and well proportioned, and dresses rather in the methodist order, and when he is off on his scouts directing his men how to proceed (for he never carries off property himself, he always has men for that purpose,) he frequently makes appointments, and preaches—He is well versed in the scriptures, and preaches some splendid sermons. He has frequently preached at a place, and before he commenced, pointed out some fine horse before his friend to steal; and while he was preaching and praying for him, his friend would save the horse for him. He always gives his residence some other course than the correct direction. In one of those jaunts he called at the house of one Nobs, a methodist, on Elk River, in Middle Tennessee. Nobs had heard him preach a year before that in the neighbourhood, and was much taken with him as a preacher. He had given his residence in South Alabama, and had spoken a great deal of his negroes and farm; and of the penalty he had in getting an overseer that would do his duty, and not abuse his slaves, and all such stuff as this, and Brother Nobs drank it all down; supper came on, and he got them all around the table on their feet: he raised his hands in the most solemn manner, as though he was just going to open the windows of heaven, and select its richest blessings for brother Nobs, his wife, and latest posterity. He was lengthy in his supplications at the table; but when he came to use the books, and go to duty, he was eloquent; the same service was rendered next morning.

When about to start, he wanted to pay brother Nobs; but brother Nobs was almost hurt to think that he would suppose he would charge him.—"Well brother Nobs, will you be so good as to give me change for a twenty dollar bill? I am out of change and I dislike to offer a bill of that size for to be changed where I stay all night, for the world will say he is a preacher and does not like to pay for staying all night at a tavern—see he has presented a twenty dollar bill to be changed. This is the way of the world—and I hope God, in his mercies, will enable me to live in such a manner as never to dishonour the cause of the gospel, or degrade the ministry!"

Brother Nobs, anxious to render the preacher, and as he thought a very rich man, a favour, answered him—"yes brother, with pleasure." He ran to his wife and got the keys, took out his purse, and counted out seventeen dollars and fifty cents—when his change gave out. Brother Nobs was in a peck of misery. "Stay a little, I will run over to Brother Parker's, and borrow the balance." "Do if you please, and I will stay with Sister Nobs until you return." Brother Nobs was not long gone when he returned, with as much pride at being able to accommodate his preacher as an East India merchant would show at the arrival of a rich cargo of goods.

Preacher. "Well, Brother Nobs you have a fine young Jack—did you raise him?

Brother Nobs. He was foaled mine, and I have raised him.

Preacher. Will you trade him Brother Nobs?

Brother Nobs. I have raised him for that purpose, but I cannot get the worth of him in this country; I have never been offered more than one hundred and fifty dollars for him, and he is worth two hundred and fifty.

Preacher.—Yes, brother Nobs, he is cheap at that price, and if I had the money with me, I would rid you of any further trouble with him at that price.

Brother Nobs. Well, brother, you can take him. You say that you will be at our camp-meeting.—Bring me the money then—that is as soon as I will need it.

Preacher. Well, brother Nobs, I will take him—I need him very much; I want him for my own mares; I am a domestic fellow; I raise my own mules for my farm.

The trade being completed, the preacher got ready to start; all the family gathered around him to receive his parting blessing.

Preacher. Nobs, may the Lord bless you, and save you in heaven; farewell. Sister Nobs, may the grace of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, rest and remain upon you; farewell. May the Lord bless your little children——

The preacher was soon gone from brother Nobs; [illegible] south Alabama; but to the western district of Tennessee. That day and night put the preacher a long way off, as slow as his jack travelled; though he was an uncommon fine travelling jack. The preacher sold his jack for four hundred dollars, and passed a twenty dollar counterfeit bill on brother Nobs. Poor Brother Nobs can never hear of this young preacher since; but I have no doubt, but he is on a voyage of soul-saving; and will visit brother Nobs when he returns.

On another occasion, the conversation turned on their future prospects of gain, and the proficiency of Murel in the execution of his plans; when, in order to satisfy his companion that he was not misrepresenting his powers in villainy, he proposed to decoy the first negro they might meet with, and make him agree to leave his master and go with him. Shortly after, they observed an old negro at crib by the road side, preparing to go to the mill with a sack of corn. He was alone, and Murel thus accosted him:

Murel. "Well old man, you must have a d——d hard master, or he would not send you to the mill this cold day.

Negro. Yes master, all ovum hard in dis country.

Murel. Why do you stay with the d——d villain then? when he treats you like a d——d dog?

Negro. I can't help um, master.

Murel. Would you help it if you could?

Negro. O! yes, master, dat I would.

Murel. What is your name, old man?

Negro. My name? Clitto, master.

Murel. Well, Clitto, would you like to be free and have plenty of money to buy land and horses, and every thing you want?

Clitto. O! yes, master, dat Clitto do so want 'em.

Murel. If I will steal you, and carry you off, and sell you four or five times; and give you half of the money, and then leave you in a free State, will you go?

Clitto. O! yes master, Clitto go quick,

Murel. Well, Clitto, dont you want a dram? (taking out his flask of liquor, and offering it to Clitto)

Clitto. Thankey, master, after you.

Murel. O! no, Clitto, after you. (Clitto drinks and then Murel after him.)

Murel. Well, Clitto, have you no boys, that you would like to see free?

Clitto. O! yes master.

Murel. Now, Clitto, if you was to hear a pistol fire at the head of the lane some night, do you think you will be sure to come to me, and bring three or four boys with you?

Clitto. O! yes, master, Clitto come dis night.

Murel. I am in a hurry now, Clitto, and cannot carry you off at this time; but you have the boys ready; and you shall not be with your d——d old task master much longer, to be cuffed about like a dog. I am a great friend to black people. I have carried off a great many, and they are doing well, all got homes of their own, and making property; you look out, and when you hear the pistol fire, come with the boys, and I will have horses ready to push you. Good by, Clitto, until I see you again.

He shortly after developed the plan of the insurrection, thus:

Murel. "Hues, I will tell you a secret that belongs to my clan, which is of more importance than stealing negroes, a shorter way to an overgrown fortune, and it is not far a head. The movement of my clan have been as I could have expected, in that matter: things are moving on smooth and easy. But this is a matter that is known only by a few of our leading characters. The clan is not all of the same grit; there are two classes. The first class keeps all their designs, and the extent of their plans to themselves. For this reason, all who would be willing to join us, are not capable of managing our designs; and there would be danger of their making disclosures which would lead to the destruction of our designs before they are perfected. This class is what we call the grand council.

The second class are those whom we trust with nothing, only that which they are immediately concerned with. We have them to do what we are not willing to do ourselves. They always stand between us and danger. For a few dollars we can get them to run a negro, or a fine horse, to some place where we can go and take possession of it without any danger; and there is no danger in this fellow then; for he has become the offender, and of course, he is bound to secrecy. This class is what we term the strikers.—We have about four hundred of the grand council, and near six hundred and fifty strikers. This is our strength as near as I can guess. I will give you a list of their names, as I promised you, before we part.

The grand object, that we have in contemplation, is to excite a rebellion among the negroes, throughout the slave-holding states. Our plan is to manage, so as to have it commence every where at the same hour. We have set on the 25th of December, 1835, for the time to commence our operations. We design having our companies so stationed over the country, in the vicinity of the banks and large cities, that when the negroes commence their carnage and slaughter, we will have detachments to fire the towns, and rob the banks, while all is confusion and dismay. The rebellion taking place every where, at the same time, every part of the country will be engaged in its own defence; and one part of the country can afford no relief to another, until many places will be entirely overrun by the negroes; and our pockets replenished from the banks, and the desks of rich merchant's houses. It is true that in many places, in the slave states, the negro population is not strong and would be easily overpowered, but look them with a few resolute leaders from our clan, and they will murder thousands, and huddle the remainder into large bodies, of stationary defence, for their preservation; and then, in many other places, the black population, is much the strongest, and under a leader, would overrun the country before any steps could be taken to suppress them, if it is managed by a proper leader.

Hues. I cannot see how the matter is let to the negroes, without endangering the scheme by a disclosure; as all the negroes are not disposed to see their owners murdered?

Murel. That is very easy done; we work on the proper materials, we do not go to every negro we see, and tell him that the negroes intend to rebel, on the night of the 25th of December, 1835. We find the most vicious, and wicked disposed ones, on large farms, and poison their minds, by telling them how they are maltreated, and that they are entitled to their freedom, as much as their masters, and that all the wealth of the country is the proceeds of the black people's labour; we remand them of the pomp and splendour of their masters, and then relet them to their own degraded situation, and tell them that it is power and tyranny which rivet their chains of bondage; and not because they are an inferior race of people. We tell them that all Europe has abandoned slavery, and that the West Indies are all freed and that they got their freedom by rebelling a few times and slaughtering the whites, and convince them, that if they will follow the example of the West India negroes, that they will obtain their liberty, and become as much respected, as if they were white; and that they can marry white women when they are all put on a level. In addition to this, get them to believe, that the most of people are in favour of their being free, and that the free states in the United States, would not interfere with the negroes, if they were to butcher every white man in the slave-holding states.

When we are convinced that we have found a blood-thirsty devil, we swear him to secrecy, and disclose to him the secret; and convince him, that every other state, or section of country where there are any negroes, intend to rebel and slay all the whites they can, on the night of the 25th of December, 1835; and assure him that there are thousands of white men engaged in trying to free them who will die by their sides in battle. We have a long ceremony, for the oath, which is administered in the presence of a terrific picture, painted for that purpose, representing the monster who is to deal with him should he prove unfaithful in the engagements he has entered into. This picture is highly calculated to make a negro true to his trust, for they are disposed to be superstitious at best. After we swear him, we then instruct him how to proceed. Which is as follows: he is to convince his fellow slaves of the great injustice of their being held in bondage; and learn the feelings of all he can, on the subject of a rebellion, by telling them how successful the West India negroes have been, in gaining their freedom by frequent rebellions.

The plan is, to have the feelings of the negroes harrowed up against the whites, and their minds alive to the idea of being free; and let none but such as we can trust, know the intention and time of the rebellion, until the night it is to commence. When our black emissaries are to have the gatherings of their fellow slaves, and invite all in their reach, to attend, with the promise of plenty to drink, which will always call negroes together. Our emissaries will be furnished with money to procure spirits, to give them a few drams; when our emissaries will open their secret as follows. "Fellow slaves, this is the night that we are to obtain our liberty. All the negroes in America rebels this night, and murders the whites. We have been long subject to the whips of our tyrants; and many of our backs wear the scars; but the time has arrived when we can be revenged. There are many good white men who are helping us to gain our liberty. All of you that refuse to fight will be put to death; so come on my brave fellows, we will be free, or die." We will have our men, whom we intend for leaders, ready to head those companies, and encourage the negroes, should they appear backward. Thus you see, that they will all be forced to engage, under the belief, that the negroes have rebelled every where else, as in their own neighbourhood, and by those means every gathering or assemblage of negroes will be pushed forward even contrary to their inclination. These strikers will be of great use at the push of the game, as many of them will do to head companies, and there will be no danger in them, when they are so go immediately to work, and leave the prospect of wealth before them; there are many of them who will fight like Turks.

Our black emissaries have the posture of a share in the spoils we may gain, and we promise to conduct them to Texas should we be defeated, where they will be free; but we never talk of being defeated. We always talk of victory and wealth to them. There is no danger in any man, if you can ever get him once implicated, or engaged in a matter. This is the way we employ our strikers on all things; we have them implicated before we trust them from our sight.

Murel subsequently related several acts of cold blooded villany. On one occasion, according to his own statement, he was sitting on a log, when a traveller rode up, mounted on a fine horse. Murel rose, drew a rifle pistol from his pocket, and presented it to the traveller, ordered him to dismount. He did so, when Murel took the horse by the bridle, and ordered the traveller to walk along before him. They proceeded a few hundred yards, and stopped. Murel then hitched the horse, and ordered the traveller to strip. The other said, "If you are determined to kill me, let me have time to pray before I die." Murel refused this request, and as the traveller dropped on his knees, shot him through the back—ripped open his stomach—took out his entrails, and sunk him in the creek. This is one of many similar crimes related in the pamphlet, it confessed by the robber himself. Before parting, Murel gave Hues a list of the Mystic Clan, a band of villains who had bound themselves together by an oath. The list is published in the pamphlet, and embraces the names of more than two thousand persons, scattered throughout the western and southern country. When giving the list, Murel expressed a hope that his companion might be with him on the night the negroes commenced their ravages at New Orleans, as he intended to head the company selected to attack that city. He said he felt an ambition to demolish the place that was defended from the ravages of the British army by the great General Jackson. Shortly after this, Mr. Stewart, the young man who was the means of arresting the robber and murderer, and who passed, while in the company of that villain, by the name of Hues, succeeded in making his escape, and returned to his friends in Tennessee. He immediately disclosed the confessions of Murel and his place of concealment, when a number of the best citizens of the country assembled together, and went in search of the villain, who was shortly after arrested, tried, and convicted of negro stealing, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

Soon after the trial and conviction of Murel, Mr. Stewart left Madison county, Tenn., for Lexington, Ky., with the intention of preparing the publication of the life, confessions, and designs of Murel and his clan, and on the route he was attacked by three armed men—supposed confederates of Murel—and injured so severely, that his life was for a long time despaired of. While on a sick bed he placed all his papers, with the notes of the confessions of Murel, in the hand of A. Q. Walton, Esq., by whom the pamphlet before us was prepared for the press. The copy in our possession was sent on by a highly respectable merchant of Nashville, Te., as an authentic document. Attached to the pamphlet are a number of certificates from some of the most respectable gentlemen of Georgia and Tennessee, in which Mr. S. is spoken of as an honourable man, of good moral character, and whose statements in relation to Murel are entitled to the fullest confidence. One of the certificates is to this effect:—

"STATE OF TENNESSEE, }
MADISON COUNTY. }

We, the undersigned citizens of said State and County, feeling sensibly the obligations we are under to Mr. Virgil A. Stewart, for the many dangers which he has encountered with courage and intrepidity, in ferreting out the Land Pirate, John A. Murel, and bringing him to justice, present the amount annexed to our names as a donation, and token of our gratitude, for the important and dangerous services rendered by Mr. Stewart, in capturing said Pirate. Believing as we do, that he is entitled to it, for the loss of time, and expenses, which were necessarily incurred, by Mr. Stewart for the public good—and we mean further by this subscription and declaration of sentiments, to manifest to the world our approbation and applause, for the course pursued by Mr. Stewart, and not only appreciate his courage, but discountenance the odium which has been attempted at his character, in pursuing so disagreeable a course for the good of the community:—and we further consider that he deserves to be protected and upheld, by society, in the course he has pursued.

The pamphlet throughout exhibits an extraordinary state of things, and is calculated to excite the serious attention of the people of Tennessee and Mississippi, and indeed of the whole western and southern country. It unfolds a deliberate plan of conspiracy and insurrection—a plan well matured, and which, had it not been discovered, would inevitably have led to scenes of carnage and murder without parallel in the history of this country. The people of the south and west have been slumbering upon a magazine of gunpowder, and if all the statements of the author of this pamphlet may be relied on, the population of the south and west will never be able to repay the obligation they are under to Mr. Stewart.

In the account of the recent insurrection, which we copied into our columns of Saturday last, from the Clinton (Miss.) Gazette of July 11th, this passage occurs:—"The publication of the Murel pamphlet is understood to have precipitated the attempted execution of the plot, and to have induced earlier hostile movements, by several months, than was originally contemplated. Before Cotton was hung, he made repeated confessions of his guilt, both privately and publicly, and furnished a detail of the plan of operations agreed on, and a list of the prominent conspirators. It seems from Cotton's confessions that he was an accomplice of the celebrated Murel; and he in fact acknowledged that he had been a member of two grand councils in association with Murel himself."

Northern Bank of Kentucky.—We learn that this institution has purchased of the United States Bank, their office at Lexington, Kentucky, comprehending their active debt, specie banking house, &c. &c.—and become their agent for winding up the suspended debt, on terms that will enable the Bank to go into full operation within four or five weeks. This arrangement, we have no doubt, will be of great advantage to our friends in Kentucky, and we are assured, from the effect on the stock of the bank, that it is approved by the stockholders here.

We wish the Institution much success. Its location in so rich a portion of Kentucky, with the experience and confidence that the public have in the gentlemen selected to direct it, must we think give it a great share of business.

Saturday Evening Post.

AUGUST 15, 1835.

☞ Our distant correspondents are informed that their unpaid favours in any quantity, be dead to the post office awaiting their further orders.

☞ The orders of Wish to be Subscribers for the Saturday Evening Post, and the Casket, who remain payment "at the end of the year," are laid on the shelf, as inadmissable.

We are indebted to our attentive correspondent in Liverpool, for files of late English newspapers, from which we shall give extracts in our next.

To Readers and Correspondents.

The communication from the *Saddle and Harness Makers' Trade Society*, is in type for next week.

Several articles have been received, signed "S. B." of Murfreesborough, Tennessee. No solution is furnished with the Question, which we are desired to publish. We hope the writer will promptly supply this omission. "Choice of a Wife," will be published; "To Lamisa," we decline.

In reply to JULIAN's very frank communication, we remark that although the two articles of poetry which he has sent us, may be the best he has ever written, we do not believe that they are the best he ever will write. Both pieces are defective, but their leading errors are such as are incident to young writers, and which time and application will enable the author to avoid. Of the two pieces, "To a White Rose," is decidedly the best, and this, with a view of giving our friend JULIAN some encouragement, we shall publish in a week or two, notwithstanding it may not bear the ordeal of rigid criticism. By a close attention to the works of standard authors, we have no doubt but that Julian will be able in time to acquire a much more polished style. His communication would have been noticed much earlier, but for the absence of the Editor.

"The Indian Family" is rejected. "On Youth and Beauty," by "J. D.," will be published.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We learn with pleasure, that Dr. Bird is now preparing for the press a new novel, under the name of "The Hawks of Hawks Hollow." It will embrace a domestic story interwoven with the adventures of a wild band of refugees, (during the revolutionary war,) who infested the banks of the Delaware, near the water gap, where that river has made a most romantic passage through the blue mountains.

The poetical works of Mr. Halleck are in press, we understand, and will speedily be published.

Mr. Simms, author of "The Yamassee," has a new romance in preparation, the incidents of which are mainly drawn from the war of the Revolution in South Carolina. The vicissitudes of love will of course commingle with the strife of battle, to invest the work with a varied charm; and while enriched with a local interest, historical and traditionary, it will be appropriately interspersed with such brief but characteristic delineations of MARION, GATES, DEKALB, and other Revolutionary worthies, as may be interwoven with the narrative without breaking its continuity.

THE WIFE AND WOMAN'S REWARD.—This is the title of a new novel from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, editress of the London Court Journal, just published by the Harpers, New York. The contents embrace two distinct stories, both pretty, and written in Mrs. Norton's best style. They are full of interesting incidents, trite remarks, and sensible observations, and will add, considerably, to Mrs. Norton's already well established reputation as a chaste and powerful writer. To female readers especially the stories are strongly commended.

Carey & Hart, of this city, have just published a volume of very pleasant light reading, under the title of "*Magpie Castle, by Theodore Hook, and other tales.*" It contains a number of well told and popular stories, among which is "The Fight of Hell Kettle," by Power, the comedian.

The same publishers have favoured us with a copy of "*The Black Watch,*" a novel, in 2 vols. by Mr. Picken, author of "The Dominie's Legacy." The work is illustrative of the martial character of the Highlanders, and the story possesses extraordinary interest. The style is chaste and powerful, and the incidents are unusually lively and spirited.

THE ZODIAC, is the title of a new quarto publication, the first number of which has just reached us from Albany. It contains a number of well-written original articles, and promises to prove a valuable addition to the periodical literature of the day. It is published by Croswell, Terry, at $1 per annum.

Arkinson's Casket, for August, which was published about the 1st instant, is embellished with a splendid plate of the latest fashions, beautifully coloured. The engraving is copied from the World of Fashion, one of the most popular periodicals of Europe, and is, decidedly, one of the best that has ever appeared in the Casket. The other engravings are—Belshazzar's Feast, State House at Hartford, Conn., and August, in illustration of Spenser's seasons. The reading contents embrace, as usual, a great variety of interesting literary and miscellaneous articles, original and selected.

ABORIGINAL PORT FOLIO.—Mr. Lewis has just issued the third number of this valuable publication. It contains a view of the great treaty, held at Prairie du Chien, in September, 1825, at which upwards of five thousand Indian warriors were present,—a portrait of Her-o-menee, a celebrated Winebago Chief,—a portrait of Sha-a-gu-a, a Miami Chief,—a full-length sketch of Nabu-nau-kee-shick,—or the one side of the sky, a Chippewa Chief,—a portrait of San-a-get, or Hard Times, a Pottawatamie Chief,—a sketch of Pe-a-jee, a Chippewa Chief,—a sketch of the Little Crow, and a sketch of Brewete, a celebrated Miami Chief. All of these portraits are handsomely coloured from life.

We are pleased to learn that it is the intention of Mr. Lewis to prepare biographical sketches of most of the characters in his work, together with anecdotes and leading incidents of customs and manners, illustrative of Indian character—to be appended to the present publication. This will give much additional interest to the work.

The publication office of the Port Folio, is at No. 8 Bank alley, where specimen numbers may be examined.

EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

BUFFALO, July 31, 1835.

From the Falls to Lake Erie, the Niagara River, has a very strong current, running at the rate of about six miles an hour. A small steam boat runs daily from Buffalo to Chippewa, beyond which point the navigation is not safe. Our route, on leaving the Falls, was by stage, along the Canada shore, to Waterloo, opposite Black Rock, where there is a ferry. On our way we stopped at the Burning Spring, a curious spring of water, the surface of which, on being touched with a lighted candle, emits a strong blue flame. The lady in attendance, for a shilling a head, very kindly exhibited this curiosity in all its varied aspects. The water is warm, and strongly surcharged with sulphurated hydrogen-gas. A covered barrel, with a copper tube in the end, replaced in the spring, so that the gas which rises in the tube, is ignited with great facility. From the place to Waterloo, we were much annoyed by myriads of large flies, that completely covered our faces and clothing, despite all our exertions to drive them off. They were about half the size of a grasshopper, and the most pertinacious insects, in retaining their hold, that I ever saw. You may regard it as an exaggeration perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that I saw several houses at the ferry, the weatherboards of which were so full of these flies, that I could not tell the colour of the paint which had been used on the exterior surface. How the people of this section can enjoy life, while troubled with such a nuisance, is more than I can readily divine.

At Waterloo, there is a boat to convey passengers to Black Rock, on the American shore, about three miles from Buffalo. Of this boat and its gallant commander, I heard an anecdote, previous to my stepping on board, which is too good to be lost. My informant stated, that the boat was worked by an engine, of very feeble power, and that the passage across was exceedingly slow and laborious, owing to the great strength of the current. He added, that on one occasion, when the boat was in the middle of the river, working its way against the water with such slow progress that it became a matter of doubt with the passengers whether they were proceeding to the falls or to Lake Erie, that the Captain, looking unusually grave, was observed to be in close conference with his chief mate and engineer. This much of the conversation was overheard: "Bill," said the captain, "the current is very strong to-day, *I guess you had better put the hickory stick in the fire, and stir up the coals a little!*"

Unfortunately for the veracity of my friend, in relation to this matter, when I got on board the boat, I found it was worked by *horses!*

Almost every spot in this vicinity, and indeed the whole course of the Niagara river, is memorable from some scene of bloody strife, witnessed during the last war with England. The contiguity of portions of the opposing armies, separated only by the river, and the skill and daring enterprise of the American soldiers, naturally led to many desperate conflicts, and the battles of Fort Erie, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, Queenston, &c. mark the death beds of many brave and gallant men. Fort Erie, you will remember, is the spot where young Watmough fought with such desperate bravery, but in walking over the battle ground at this time, it is impossible to discover any, save very indistinct, traces of that desperate contest. Col. Watmough informed me himself, that on a visit to Fort Erie, in 1825, he could scarcely recognise the spot himself, although he has such good cause to remember the blood and carnage of the place, on the day of the memorable battle, in which he bore so conspicuous a part. The ground in the vicinity is now in a high state of cultivation.

If the visitor is desirous of carrying away with him some relic of our frontier battles, he will have no difficulty in procuring a ball or a flint, said to have been picked up on some battle-field. The stock on hand, is exhausted with the last purchase—so the purchaser is assured—but every year a fresh supply is procured, and so it will be, it is probable, for twenty years hence. The Canadians realise a rich harvest from these relics.

There is an astonishing difference in the price of land on the two shores of the Niagara, and the fact may be cited to show the great superiority of a free government over a monarchy, in promoting the enterprise and wealth of the people. On the American side, land is very valuable, and tracts have recently been purchased at prices that almost exceed belief, while on the Canada side, soil equally as rich and luxuriant, in producing grain, &c. can be procured for a mere trifle. In truth the Canadians have no inducement to turn their attention to agriculture. The heavy imposts on their grain introduced into the states, amounts almost to a prohibition, and the consumption in the Canadas is not equal to one-twentieth part of the quantity they could raise with facility. They suffer for the want of a market, and that market they can never obtain, until the Canadas are stanched to our government. The Welland Canal, which unites Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and which was constructed with a view to greater facility in conveying the products of Upper Canada to Lower Canada, and the importations of the latter to the inhabitants of the former, has failed to accomplish, in any great degree, what was so earnestly desired. The Americans, in fact, almost monopolise the carrying trade through the Canal, and the cross cut is, to them, of great advantage, as it opens an uninterrupted navigation in sloops, from Oswego on Lake Ontario, to the various ports on Erie, and other western Lakes. In conversation, on these and other topics, with citizens of Upper Canada, I found, in general, a very warm feeling of friendship towards the government of the United States. The land-holders would, I believe almost without an exception, cheerfully consent to any arrangement by which they could be placed on an equality with our citizens. Until this is affected, they are convinced that they must continue to labour under all the disadvantages of an inefficient government, checked enterprise, torpor and poverty.

Grand Island occupies a very important position in Niagara river. It contains many thousand acres of very valuable land, and is under the American Government. You may remember the scheme started by Major Noah, now of the New York Star, some years since, to constitute this as the home of the wandering tribes of Israel, which failed for the want of a proper spirit of co-operation upon the part of his Jewish brethren. The Island, I learn, was not definitely purchased at that time, by Major Noah, but was taken up in a way that left him at liberty to relinquish it, should he decline to complete the purchase. The Major, in giving up the Island to the government, made a great mistake, as it is now worth four or five times the price that he would have been required to pay. It is rumored at this time by a company of enterprising gentlemen from New England, who have erected on the northern corner an immense saw mill, by which they are enabled to furnish the best of timber in very great quantities. They will all realise fortunes in the course of a few years, and the Island will then be a rich legacy for their children, and their children's children.

We landed at Black Rock, about 2 o'clock, and were desirous of reaching Buffalo, in time for dinner, but were obliged to remain for an half hour, waiting for a car, there being a rail-road between this place and Buffalo. While remaining here, our trunks, some of which were very large, arrested the attention of the officer of Customs, and he politely enquired whether they contained any merchandise. On assuring him that they did not, and offering him the keys, to examine for himself, he expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and made no examination. But for the vigilance of the officer, the system of smuggling goods from England, and grain, &c. from the Canadas, would be carried on to a great extent, and despite of frequent seizures, many attempts are made almost every day. We were informed of the seizure of several lots of smuggled merchandise, which had entailed utter ruin on those concerned, and during our visit at Black Rock, the officer was on the watch for another smuggling party, of which he had just before obtained tidings. Such is the all-absorbing power of an inordinate love of wealth! There is an excellent harbour at Black Rock, protected by several thousand feet of substantial pier embankments. Our stay in the place was too brief to admit of our making any personal examination, but we were informed that a large amount of business is transacted in the town.

We reached Buffalo at 3 P. M. but I am too much fatigued to extend this letter by a notice of the town. That and other matters I shall reserve for a further communication.

The excitement on the subject of Slavery seems to be spreading rapidly in the south. Recently in Charleston, S. C. the mail bag, containing a number of incendiary tracts and newspapers, was forcibly taken from the Post office and burnt. The effigies of Arthur Tappan, Dr. Cox, and W. L. Garrison, leading abolitionists, were also publicly suspended, at the same time. The annexed account of this affair is from the Mercury.

CHARLESTON, July 31.

DESTRUCTION OF THE INCENDIARY PAMPHLETS.—Such was the excitement in our city caused by the arrival of the incendiary pamphlets and papers which almost monopolised the United States Mail on Wednesday, that a crowd of two or three hundred citizens assembled that night, for the purpose of seizing and destroying them. These citizens were met by Lieut. Brown of the City Guard, near the Exchange, and persuaded to disperse; but it not being generally known that measures were in concert between the Post Master and many of our leading citizens, to call the attention of the authorities at Washington to the subject, a few gentlemen afterwards broke open the Post office, seized the bags containing the Abolition tracts and made a public bonfire of the whole last evening.

We believe that those who broke open the Post Office have erred, but none can blame their feelings or motives, which have the sympathy of the entire community.—*Mercury.*

A public meeting was held in Charleston, on the succeeding Tuesday, at which the subject of the interference of northern abolitionists, in the rights of southern citizens, was warmly discussed. The following resolutions were adopted by acclamation.

Resolved, That we shall hold any attempt to impair the rights of property in our slaves, as guaranteed by the Constitution, by the abolition of slavery by Congress in any of the States, or any of the Territories, or Districts, where slavery now exists, or to regulate the manner in which slaves may be sold from one State to another, as a wanton violation of our political compact, and destructive of the whole frame of our government.

Resolved, That we have a just claim on all the non-slave holding States for the enactment of suitable and efficient laws, to repress and put down by adequate penalties, all incendiary or seditious associations, whose avowed purpose is to disturb our peace and to excite insurrection among our slaves; and we confidently rely on the wisdom and firmness of the General Assembly, by a proper appeal to these States to procure the passage of such laws.

Resolved, That all Captains of Steam-boats or other vessels, coming to our ports from non-slave holding States, or elsewhere, be requested to exercise the utmost vigilance in detecting any emissaries of the abolition societies, who may be on board their vessels, or who may be engaged through such channel in disseminating incendiary papers among our inhabitants either white or black; and that the good people of this Commonwealth, be exhorted to give no encouragement or support, in any line of Steamboats or other vessels, whose the Captains thereof, shall knowingly give facilities to the transportation of persons or papers of an incendiary character.

Resolved, That the Post Master General be requested to use all the powers vested in him by law to prevent the transmission through the several post offices, and the delivery of all printed papers, suspected of a tendency to produce or encourage an insubordinate or insurrectionary spirit among the slaves of the South.

Resolved, That we hold in great respect, and entertain a cordial and fraternal regard for the great body of our Northern and Eastern Brethren; that we do confidently believe the indignant sentiments we have expressed towards the class of *deluded fanatics*, who are the advocates of immediate emancipation, will be reciprocated by the great mass of enlightened citizens of the non-slave holding States.

The Postmaster General, in reply to a letter of inquiry from the Postmaster at Charleston, relative to incendiary newspapers, &c. remarks:—

Upon a careful examination of the law, I am satisfied that the Postmaster General has no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor prohibit their carriage or delivery on account of their character or tendency, real, or supposed. Probably, it was not thought safe to confer on the head of an executive department a power over the press, which might be perverted and abused.

But I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak. The Post Office Department was created to serve the people of *each* and *all* of the *United States*, and not to be used as the instrument of their *destruction*. None of the papers detained have been forwarded to me, and I cannot judge for myself of their character and tendency; but you inform me, that they are, in character, "the most inflammatory and incendiary—and insurrectionary in the highest degree."

By no act, or direction of mine, official or private, could I be induced to aid, knowingly, in giving circulation to papers of this description, directly or indirectly. We owe an obligation to the laws, but a higher one to the communities of which we live, and if the *former* be perverted to destroy the *latter*, it is patriotism to disregard them. Entertaining these views, I cannot sanction, and will not condemn the step you have taken.

The way they do things down East.—We have just received an account of a marriage which took place in a town in this county a few days since, with the following note attached to it:—"Published at 10 A. M., married at 4 P. M., and had an heir at 9 the same evening, weighing *twenty-two pounds!*" Beat this who can.—*Eastport (Me.) Democrat.*

☞ We should'nt think any body would want to "beat it."

EPITOME OF THE TIMES.

The man who died suddenly on Wednesday week, from the rupture of a blood vessel, at Market and Front street, was John Eagle, of the Northern Liberties, cabinet-maker, a man very much respected by all who knew him;—he had been in delicate health for several months—he has left an amiable wife and two children to lament the untimely death of an affectionate husband and parent.

A man came ashore on Sunday, at Race street wharf, from a foreign vessel lying in the Delaware and began to challenge some of the bystanders to fight, boasting that he could whip any Yankee. A customer was found, and the poor fellow was left nearly dead in the midst of the crowd which his noisy vaporing had gathered round him.

Governor McDuffie, of South Carolina, has received a present of two hives of stingless bees, brought by a vessel from Campeachy.

Exertions are about to be made by a society for collecting a sum sufficient to erect a monument to "Washington." Appeals will be made throughout the nation—the highest sum that any individual will be allowed to subscribe is *One Dollar*. James Madison is President of the Association.

THE POST OFFICE.—It has been the practice of the Post Office to charge postage for every piece of paper attached to a seal in an instrument of writing. The new Postmaster General has decided against this, and says that "the piece of paper constituting the face of a seal, affixed to a legal instrument, or other document sent by mail, is not considered chargeable with postage under the law."

The census of Poughkeepsie, just taken, shows a population of 6343. Increase in 5 years, 1920. The number of colored persons in the village is 239, of whom 6 pay taxes, and 1 is entitled to vote. Number of cattle 431; number of horses 394; number of swine 762; number of dogs 207.

The Captain of the Earthquake Volunteers at Wheeling, Va. has published a notice to his company, "to be prepared to exterminate with one YEARLING STRIKE the abominable gang" of Gamblers, which it is understood are emigrating to that place from *Vicksburg* and its vicinity.

The menagerie of New York lost another rhinoceros, which died suddenly; and in travelling, one of the Bengal tigers got out and mounted the top of the cage, and they were obliged to shoot him.

The sheriff of Cornwall, U. C., was killed last week while in the discharge of his official duty. He attempted to arrest a man on a civil process, and was resisted by the man and his brother; the latter of whom gave the sheriff a blow on the head with some instrument, which proved mortal.

From Havana.—Capt. Mosher, at Boston from Havana, reports that on the 15th ult. there was a second attempt at insurrection among the slaves, which was put down immediately by the troops. There was a good deal of sickness in the harbor of Havana.

An honest Advertisement.—A sign is suspended in front of one of our Druggist's shops, offering for sale a certain patent medicine, to which the advertiser has added the well timed and appropriate caution, "Beware of imposition."—*Rochester Democrat.*

A smart young Lady.—The New London Gazette contains a notice of the amount of cotton sheeting wove in Mr. J. Loom's factory, (East Lyme,) week before last, by Miss Harriet Brockway! She wove 1337½ yards, for which she received 6 mills per yard—amounting to $8 02½—out of which she had to pay $1 for her board—leaving her over $7 clear.

The Factory Girls of Patterson, N. J. have struck, and refuse to work more than twelve hours per day. Nearly all the factories are closed.

India Rubber Webbing, used for saddle springs, has been introduced with great success by a meeting at Philadelphia.

The culture of the silk worm is progressing in this country with a rapidity, which justifies the opinion that the day is not remote, when we shall be independent of the silk warehouses of Europe.

Flying Machine.—Mr. Abraham Mason, of Pittsburg, has invented a steam flying machine, of which he proposes to build one as soon as one thousand dollars are raised, and try the experiment.

The profits of the Charleston Steam Packets are said to be so great as to require a new Line. The Boats are supposed to clear from one to two thousand dollars a trip. They are also represented as to be quite too crowded for safety in case of accident.

Gray, the poet, used to declare that the sum of happiness beneath the moon, consists in lolling all day long upon a soft sofa, reading new novels.

The Sultan, at the instigation of Russia has refused the English Expedition under Capt. Cheney, the privilege of navigating the Euphrates.

Pleasures of Expectation.—A drunken fellow, at a late hour of the night, was sitting in the middle of the Place Vendome. A friend of his happened to pass, recognized him and said, 'Well, what do you here? why don't you go home?'—The drunkard replied, 'my good fellow, 'tis just what I want—(hiccup)—but the place is all going round—(hiccup)—and I'm waiting for my door to pass by.'

New Invention.—A fellow for some offence given, it is said, tied the offender, and drove long wooden skewers, or pins through his ears. A wag seeing him, was asked his opinion of them. Drawing himself up in a indicrous manner, they are, to my notions, said he, "*Lynch-pins.*"

The Nashville Republican says, the sunny month of July there seems to have changed character with cold October, and that woollen clothes and flannels are substituted for light summer dresses.

"*The Campbell's are Coming*"—The good people of Cincinnati are not a little incensed at the influx of *gamblers*. Many having already found their way up the Ohio. It is supposed that some of the knowing ones will soon find their way to the Atlantic cities.

"*Old Wine in Old Bottles.*"—The New York Morning Herald says

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Backus, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 14, 1835.

ASHES..		Sugar-house	47 49
Pot, cwt	4 75 5	do. N. York,	49 50
Pearl,	4 75 5 00	do. Philad.	43 45
BEER..		do. Steam.	42 44
Bbl.	10	Trinidad.	39 40
Bots No. 1	17 19	Porto Rico.	31 34
No. 1	15 16	English French Isl	32 34
No. 2	8 9	Mary. & Matowaxa.	30 31
COAL..		MACKEREL	
Lehigh, ton	4 50 4 75	No. 1. bbl	7 50
Schuylkill,	4 50 4 75	No. 2,	7 00 7 12½
COFFEE..Duty. free.		No. 3.	4 25
Java,	14	OIL..	
St. Domingo,	11½ 12	Linseed, Am. from store,	1 23
Porto Rico,	12 13½	do. Dutch,	1 25
Cuba,	11½ 13½	Whale, sal.	45
Laguira,	12½ 13	Sperm, winter,	95 1 00
Rio,	12 13½	do. summer,	90
COTTON..Duty 3 cts per lb.		FEATHER PAR'S.	
Louisiana,	14 15½	In Delaware, ton	2 75 2 50
Mobile,	13 14	In Schuylkill	2 37½ 2 50
N. Ala. and Tex.		SEEDS..	
S. C. and Geo.	13 21	Clover, bush	3 50 4 75
N. C. and Va.	13 21	Flax, rough,	1 75 1 80
FREIGHTS..		do. clean, cask	
To Plymouth, per coal, 100 lbs	1 12½ 3 00	Timothy, bbls	1 50 2 75
FLOUR and MEAL..		Herds, bush	2 00 2 12½
Superfine, bbl	6 6 12½	Red top and grass,	
Penn.	5 75 6 00	WHISKEY	26
Rye,	4 75	Rye and L.	26½
Holling,	4 25	do. bbls	25
Corn meal,	3 75	do. from wagons	
do. to bbls.	19 00 20 00	WOOL..	
GRAIN..		Prime, Saxony fleece,	70
Rye Pennsylv.	95	Am. wash. full bl'd,	60 62
Ryo, Southern,	90	do. 1 blood	47 50
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 35	do. ½ blood	42 43
do. South. bush.	1 30	do. ¼ and com.	37 40
Corn, L. C. white,	90 95	Pulled, superfine,	55 60
do. L. C. yellow,	90	do. U. C. ground,	50 55
do. U. C. round,	93 94	do. 1 blood,	52 53
Oats, Pennsylv.	40	do. ½ blood,	51 52
Southern,		do. ¼ and com.	50 51
Barley, Eastern,		Pulled, pulled lambs,	50 52
do. Pennsyl.	40 41	No. 1. do.	43 45
Southern,		No. 2. do.	30 32
ROPE..		No. 3. do.	20 25
Manil. 1 to 3 in.	15 16	WOOD.. B. FAR.	
MOLASSES..		Logwood,	15
New Orleans,	35 37	do. lumber,	75

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, August 15, 1835.

The editor having returned to his post, after an absence of some weeks, deems it no more than an act of justice, to tender his thanks, thus publicly, to Morris Mattson, Esq. who has contributed to the editorial columns of this paper, during his absence. The industry and talent displayed by Mr. Mattson, are duly appreciated by the editor, and, he doubts not, by all the readers of the Post, who have been edified by his observations and remarks.

Exception having been taken to an article in relation to the present contest between journeymen and employers, from the pen of the publisher, which appeared in this paper, on the 1st instant, it is deemed proper to say, that nothing therein contained was intended, in the slightest degree, to invalidate the rights of the working-classes. Allusion to the importation of mechanics from Europe, was made merely as a matter of information, the fact having been stated to the publisher by a leading employer. The views of the publisher and of those associated with him, in relation to the interests of American mechanics, have been too frequently expressed in this paper, to render any re-iteration necessary at this time.

We fill two columns of our paper this week, with details of the late disgraceful riots in the city of Baltimore. The great increase of these scenes of popular commotion in our large cities, is truly alarming, and calls for prompt and decided measures upon the part of the friends of order. The laws appear to have lost their supremacy, and become nothing more than a dead letter. Within a year past, almost every city in our Union, has been thus given up to the fury of unprincipled mobs, and the lives and property of citizens sacrificed. Decided, energetic and severe measures, are necessary to restore society to a sound and wholesome state, and they should be adopted at once, for no one can tell how long it will be before other and still more dreadful commotions arise among us. No tampering policy will answer, in a dispute with mobs, and we fully agree in opinion with a contemporary, that the miasma under which Baltimore has just suffered, is but the natural consequences of the excesses that have followed one upon the other in regular advance in the principal cities north of it, almost without a demonstration of even a desire to punish their perpetrators. With the fiendish destruction of the Charlestown Convent unavenged, with the pitched battles of New York and the incendiary riots of Philadelphia unchastised—with such inducements to work their will, with such warrants of security for whatever horrors they might commit—it is but too natural that the Baltimore mob should give full swing to their brutal propensities, and revel in the utmost gratification of their desires, unrestrained by any feeling of fear. Had such measures been taken in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, when the occasion demanded them, as would have satisfied the mob of the danger of disturbing the peace, it is more than probable that our unfortunate sister city, now suffering from a visitation of the most calamitous kind, would have escaped it altogether. To the fears or the short-sightedness of the inhabitants of the cities named, is the affliction of Baltimore, it may be affirmed, in a great measure to be ascribed. One thing is certain—the disease has increased, is increasing, and if any thing be self evident, it is that it will increase until it brings death, unless it is eradicated before it becomes mortal.

Route to Niagara Falls.—It is probable that the new route to the Falls, via Oswego, on Lake Ontario, will be very popular during the next season. Having passed over it, within a few weeks past, we are able to speak of its advantages from personal observation. Most of the steam boats on the Lake are splendid vessels, large, of immense power, and handsomely furnished. We passed from Oswego to Lewiston in the Great Britain, Capt. Whitney, and were greatly pleased with the boat, but still more so with the polite attentions of the amiable captain. This boat is in the line with the United States, another vessel nearly equal in size and finish. By this route travellers who wish to visit Canada, without the fatigue of a journey to Montreal, can stop at Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, and remain two or three hours, without losing their passage. They are then conveyed up the Niagara river, within seven miles of the Falls.

To reach Oswego, the route by the Erie Canal, from Schenectady to Utica, is very pleasant, and in this distance are embraced nearly all the beautiful views, and most of the points of interest, on the whole Canal. At Utica, the traveller may remain ten or twelve hours, for the purpose of visiting Trenton Falls, on West Canada Creek, and then proceed, the same night, to Syracuse. From Syracuse to Oswego, there is a direct line of comfortable canal packets, which run the distance in about eight hours. The canal passes through the extensive salt works at Salina, which may be readily examined, while the boat is passing through the locks. Oswego is a thriving town, well deserving of a visit, as it occupies a very important position on the Lake, and those who are fond of fishing, will find capital fish in the Onondaga river.

We believe this line to be cheaper, more expeditious, and decidedly more agreeable, than any route to the Falls now travelled.

From a late number of the Toledo (Ohio) Gazette, we learn that hostilities between Ohio and Michigan have been renewed, and that late occurrences are likely to produce very serious consequences. A body of armed men, headed by the sheriff of Monroe county Michigan, proceeded to Toledo, to serve some civil process, but the affair was conducted in rather an uncivil manner. They took seven or eight prisoners, and made an attack upon the printing office of the Toledo Gazette, throwing into it much of the standing type. The Gazette states, that it will take some weeks to remedy the evil occasioned by this "wreck of matter." These proceedings are said to have been sanctioned by the acting Governor of Michigan, and with other acts are characterized as being "worse than Algerine robbery, or Turkish persecution."

Late accounts from Texas, remarks the Richmond Compiler, represent that country as in a state of extreme apprehension. The General Congress of Mexico has passed an act by which the colonists of Texas are disfranchised. The rights of citizens are prostrated, and it is expected that the soldiery will expel the inhabitants, and deprive them of the benefits of many years' toil and hardship. Santa Anna is expected to head the troops himself—about 3000 strong—and make a descent on Texas. The people are talking of organization, to resist the oppressor.

The rumour of yellow fever in Boston, has been revived, by a letter from that place, published in the New York Gazette. The writer, under date of August 6, says—"The fever still rages here. One or two more of our most respectable merchants have died, and upwards of twenty clerks (so they say) on the same short where Mr. S.—— was, (Central wharf) have been taken. It is a little singular that the business part of the community do not leave that part of the town for a short time, and carry their books to their houses, and transact there what little business they now have to do."

The Boston Transcript says that the whole affair is a hoax, got up for the benefit of proprietors of the fashionable Summer Retreats. "We assure our friends," remarks the editor, "that there have been more lies told about the existence of Yellow Fever in Boston, within the last two days, than would fill a bed, if every lie was a feather."

The plan of cooking by gas, as lately introduced in London, and more recently in New Orleans, seems to have proved decidedly successful. The experiment was tried in New York, a few days since, and we have the word of the editor of the Star, that the result was entirely satisfactory. It took place at the house of Alderman Suydam, President of the Manhattan Gas Company, and the editor says:—"We were shown to the basement to examine the new mode of cookery. It was a handsomely finished room, carpeted, without fire place or any of the unpleasant accompaniments of pots and kettles, and scullions and cooks, which we expected to find in a kitchen. No such thing—an astral lamp, as it seemed, giving a brilliant soft light, with the 80 jets of its circular burner, was on the centre table; over it was a tin cone, and within that a substantial piece of beef, weighing 13 lbs., the roasting of which was soon completed, having been on two hours, during which only two pence worth of gas was consumed. There was also a tin boiler for boiling. The dripping pan caught the juice of the meat—the whole was thoroughly roasted through, and we soon had an occasion on the supper table to taste its fine flavor—nothing burnt about it—no empyreumatic oil—the pure fresh taste of the beef only."

This invention will cause a complete revolution in cookery, and if generally introduced will effect an immense saving in fuel, &c. As we are about to have gas introduced in this city, it may be well to make the experiment here.

Arrangements are now being made for the enlargement of the Erie Canal, during its whole distance, so as to admit of much larger boats, as well as a greater number. The supply of water, it is said, is abundant. This enlargement will greatly reduce the cost of transporting merchandize.

Literary Compensation.—The copy right of Milton's Paradise Lost, one of the greatest poems ever written, was sold for ten pounds sterling. Compare this with the fact that Webster's Spelling Book has paid the author nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and we have a forcible illustration of the increased value of literary labours. The works of Scott, Bulwer and Irving, have realized immense profits, and so have the productions of many very obscure authors. A New York paper states that Collins and Hannay, of that city, have paid the author of Bennett's Book keeping, upwards of forty thousand dollars, within fourteen years, for the right of publishing that work.

Steam Packets.—A prospectus has been issued by a company of London merchants, for forming a line of steam packets between that port and New York.—The capital stock is to consist of £100,000, in shares of £500 each, and it is proposed to construct two British and two American steam ships, of 1,000 tons and 300 horse power each. These four vessels, it is calculated will make as many passages in twelve months, as eight sailing ships, and the investment required will not equal the cost of eight sailing ships, of equal tonnage. It is expected therefore that the concern will yield a very handsome profit, as the additional facilities for intercourse between the two countries, will greatly increase the number of passengers. No less than 50,000 individuals were landed at New York from Europe, during the year 1834.

Destructive Fire in New York.—The most extensive conflagration that has visited New York for many years, broke out in the building 115 Fulton street, about 2 o'clock, on Wednesday morning. It rapidly extended through to Ann street, sweeping almost every house in the entire block formed by Fulton, Ann, Nassau, and Dutch—thence to the north side of Ann-street, and through a large portion of the block formed by Ann, Nassau, William and Beekman—and destroying also several buildings on the south side of Fulton-street, toward John. An immense amount of capital was invested in this portion of the city, in buildings, merchandize, and the implements of various trades and professions, and there is probably no other space of equal extent in New York, in which so great a number of artizans were daily employed.—There can be no doubt that upwards of a thousand persons have been suddenly thrown out of employment by this calamitous event, and we have heard the number stated at more than fifteen hundred. Among them we are assured that between four and five hundred industrious women and girls are sufferers, who were employed chiefly in various departments of bookbinding, folding periodicals, &c.

The Commercial Advertiser adds:

The loss falls with peculiar severity upon editors and printers; the establishments of twelve or thirteen newspapers and periodicals are among those destroyed—upwards of twenty printing offices, including some of the most extensive in the city, and many book binderies, in which a vast amount of business was done. Among the newspaper establishments destroyed are those of the Transcript, Jeffersonian, Morning Herald, Courier des Etes Unis, Spirit of Seventy Six, Old Countryman, Christian Intelligencer, New Yorker, Catholic Diary, Protestant Vindicator, and several others. The extensive printing office of George P. Scott & Company, in which the New York Mirror was printed, is also gone. In short the loss is enormous. We understand that insurance to the amount of 200,000 dollars was effected on some of the buildings and other property destroyed, but that amount is undoubtedly far short of the loss sustained. In one establishment alone, we are informed the stock was valued at $150,000. The great height of the buildings, most of which were of five or six stories, rendered the exertions of the firemen almost ineffectual.

But the most painful tidings are yet to be related; lives have been lost, to the number at least of four, and it is feared that others have also fallen victims.—The names of the four whose fate is ascertained, are as follows:

David Carlisle, and Daniel D. Wyatt, printers, working for Mr. Turney, 115 Fulton street. They lodged in the fifth story of the building, and were both burnt to death.

Samuel Blanchard, master bookbinder; he lodged in the fourth story of the same building, and leaping from the window, was so dreadfully injured that he died in fifteen minutes.

The fourth was a colored man, name unknown; he was buried under the ruins of one of the fallen walls.

Besides these, Mr. E. B. Taylor, fireman, of No. 40, was severely burned, as was also a member of No. 28, named believed to be Gaston.

We learn from other papers, that Mr. Joseph Blanchard, bookbinder, was in bed in the fourth story of the house 115 Fulton street, when the fire broke out. He was seen at the window with the flames all around him soon after the alarm was given, he hesitated a moment and leaped from it into the street. He alighted on his feet, but immediately sank to the ground. Had he escaped the consequence of this desperate leap, he could not have survived, having been so severely injured by the fire that his skin came off in the hands of those who raised him from the sidewalk. He died soon afterwards.

Twenty-one valuable printing-offices, eleven bindieries, and thirteen newspaper establishments, are among the property destroyed. The Old Countryman had 5,000 papers put up for the mail, and the Mirror had 8000 of their edition worked off, and ready for distribution. The whole amount of insurance on the property consumed, is said to be $215,000.

Attempt to Murder.—The National Intelligencer of the 7th inst. states that on Tuesday night of last week, an attempt was made to murder the respected widow of Dr. Thornton, late of the Patent Office by a young negro man, her slave, which from the expressions he used, was evidently induced by reading the inflammatory publications of the Abolitionists. In the dead of the night, Mrs. Th. chamber, in which slept herself, her aged mother, and a woman servant, was entered by the negro, who had obtained access to it by forcing the outer door. He approached the bed of Mrs. T. with an uplifted axe. She was fortunately awakened by his step, and still more fortunately, the negro woman the mother of the man was also awake. As he approached the bed of her mistress, the latter sprung up seized and held him, while Mrs. T. escaped from the room, rushed to the door of the next house, Dr. Hunt, whom she aroused by her cries. On reaching the entry of Mrs. Th.'s house, Dr. H. found that the mother of the negro had succeeded in forcing him out at the back door, and locking it. Finding, however, that her own person had come to the assistance of the family, he endeavoured again to force an entrance with his axe. The fellow finally fled on hearing the approach of two constables. His ferocious threats on the occasion were nearly a literal repetition of the shocking atrocities referred to.

Riots in Baltimore.

Baltimore, which for many years past, has been distinguished as a quiet, orderly and peaceful city, has recently been the scene of much commotion and disorder. The first outbreakings of a riotous disposition, upon the part of a portion of the community, were observed on Thursday night of last week, when a number of persons assembled before the house of Reverdy Johnson, in Monument Square, and attacked it with stones, by which a few panes of glass were broken. Mr. Johnson, it appears, has made himself unpopular, on account of his connection with the bank of Maryland, which stopped payment several months since. Since that event, there has been a warm discussion in the newspapers, between a Mr. Poultney and Messrs. Johnson and Glenn, in relation to the books and property of the bank, and a suit, brought by the creditors, many of whom are persons in horrible circumstances, against the Directors, is now pending in court. Public feeling, for some time past, has been strongly excited on this subject, and there is an opinion has that this feeling has led to violence.

On several mornings previous to Thursday, a number of manuscript handbills were found posted up at the corners of the streets, inviting the citizens to commit acts of violence and outrage, on the persons of several respectable citizens—Mr. Johnson being one of the persons named.

On Thursday night, the Mayor of the city, addressed the crowd in front of Mr. Johnson's house, and strongly urged the duty which they owed to the government and the laws to refrain from all acts of violence, and retire peacefully to their homes: his address was received with very evident and general marks of approbation—and the persons assembled soon after quietly dispersed.

On Friday, in pursuance of a notice from the Mayor, a town meeting of citizens was held in the afternoon. Several resolutions were passed denouncing the spirit of violence exhibited in Baltimore and other parts of the United States; desiring the Mayor to offer rewards for the detection of the instigators in that city; and recommending the Trustees of the Bank of Maryland to transfer the books and papers of that Institution to the creditors.

(From the Baltimore Gazette of Saturday.)

The meeting of citizens on the invitation of the Mayor, took place yesterday afternoon at the appointed hour. No beneficial result, however, seems to have been produced. On the contrary, the assemblage, last night in Monument Square was very much larger than on any former evening this week, and amounted to several thousands; among whom were a great number of people of decent appearance—some certainly with such intentions as entitle them to be called good citizens but not a few, who, far from deserving, by their audible remarks, any countenance to the most outrageous designs of the disorderly.

The Mayor was present at an early hour, with a sufficiently large force of Police Officers to have preserved the peace on ordinary occasions of assemblement—he was aided by the exertions of the county and several other public spirited citizens, in his endeavors to preserve the peace—but previous to the destruction of the large and elegant dwelling house occupied by Mr. R. Johnson, which, both from the acts and the language of the mob, was their determined object. The Mayor had taken his station in front of the devoted object of attack,—neither his office nor the personal attachment repeatedly manifested to him by so large a majority of his fellow citizens availed to protect him from the effects of the brutal and reckless outrage of the indiscriminate injury mediated and in part effected by the most worthless part of our population, incited and encouraged by too many who had some claim to be considered respectable.

The Mayor and the respectable citizens near him, who were endeavoring to preserve the peace were assailed both with missiles (paving stones and brick-bats) and blows—and several of them wounded or bruised—one very decent man, was struck near his temple with a brick bat and severely if not dangerously wounded.

Nearly all the panes of glass in the front windows of Mr. Johnson's house were destroyed, and even the adjoining houses belonging to a near relative of the lady did not escape sharing a portion of the favors of the mob.

During the continuance of the riot, which lasted till after ten o'clock, the mayor several times addressed the large assemblage, of which the actual rioters formed but a small portion,—endeavoring, by every honorable and persuasive motive, to induce them to manifest their attachment to good order and the laws, by aiding him to suppress the riot and restore the peace. They were also eloquently addressed with the same view by the distinguished lawyer, Walter Jones, who happened to be a guest in Mr. Barnum's Hotel. Finally, they were addressed after ten o'clock by Mr. J. H. Thomas, who advised them to retire peaceably to their homes; which advice appeared to be pretty generally assented to, with an avowed determination to return to the attack the evening, being that which has been for some days past talked of publicly as the night on which the house is to some way to be destroyed.

From the Baltimore American of Monday.

EVENTS OF SATURDAY NIGHT.

At sunset, agreeably to the plan previously concerted, squads of police officers were stationed in the several streets leading to Monument Square, the residence of Mr. Johnson, for the purpose of preventing any one from having access to it. Immediately after dark, the citizen constables joined the regular police, and lines of guards were posted across the several streets. The greatest throng was soon found to be at the intersection of Calvert and Baltimore streets, and before nine o'clock, the horse and foot guards at that station had some very severe conflicts with the assailants. Several charges were made into the throng by the horsemen, and the stones and brickbats flew thick and fast. The scene was described by those who witnessed it as being really fearful but the police firmly maintained their line although several of them were very severely hurt by missiles.

While these proceedings were going on in this quarter, an attack was commenced, about 9 o'clock, on the house of Mr. Gleen, in North Charles street. No precautions had been taken to prevent approach to the house, and its windows were soon demolished. About twenty minutes after the attack had been commenced on Mr. Glenn's house, a party proceeded to the destruction of the large and elegant dwelling house occupied by Mr. R. Johnson, which, both from the acts and the language of the mob, was their determined object. The Mayor had taken his station in front of the devoted object of attack,—neither his office nor the personal attachment repeatedly manifested to him by so large a majority of his fellow citizens availed to protect him from the effects of the brutal and reckless outrage of the indiscriminate injury mediated and in part effected by the most worthless part of our population, incited and encouraged by too many who had some claim to be considered respectable.

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MAYOR'S OFFICE, }
Baltimore, Aug. 9, 1835. }

Once more I appeal to my fellow citizens to stay the progress of violence, and prevent a repetition of the lamentable events of the last night. Called by your free suffrages to the Mayoralty of your City, and charged by you with the preservation of its order, I have, throughout my whole official career, used up to the present moment, laboured assiduously to carry out the principles of the FORCE OF REASON and THE UNARMED HAND OF LAW. I have deeply deplored the disregard with which my earnest appeals have been met, and the resort to deadly weapons, AGAINST MY JUDGMENT AND ADVICE has been unfortunately taken. It remains for the prudent, the pacific, the lovers of good order, those who would not expose the property of the city to pillage, to arouse before it is too late, and restore to us our recent boasted tranquility, and its accompanying happiness and prosperity. And in furtherance of this most valuable end, I earnestly enjoin the orderly and well disposed, except such as may be engaged in aiding the civil authority, to remain at home, and prevent the younger members of their families from resorting to unnecessary assemblages.

JESSE HUNT, Mayor.

Extract of a letter dated

Baltimore, Aug. 10th, 1835.

Sir—I give you by the last mail a brief account of the riots in the city, and brought it. I believe up to the destruction of the house and furniture of John Glenn. The Mayor yesterday resigned his trust into the hands of Mr. Sanderson, the Sheriff, who used every exertion to raise a posse of citizens, but failed in his efforts—on account of the general disapprobation of the citizens at large, of the havoc on Saturday night. It is a hard thing to level the deadly weapon in the breast of a fellow citizen: and such is the united confusion in cases of trouble, that any one offending citizens was by the sufferer. The Sheriff finding his force so small, surrendered the city to the discretion of the military; but the officers were unable to order their men to duty, there being no existing militia law in this state. Free scope was consequently given to the mob, who were solely bent on destroying the property of the "Bank Robbers," as they are dubbed. At an early hour in the evening (during service was suspended) they assembled in Monument Square, in front of the house of Reverdy Johnson, Esq. a beautiful edifice, with splendid Italian portico, and highly polished exterior and interior. They went to work quite systematically—burning in the streets windows—throwing the rich furniture out—piling it on the middle of the square, and applying fire to it—every thing was thus consumed; the portico was torn down, and the house now stands a heap of ruins!—The crowd of spectators was immense, a great portion of them, were ladies! The intelligible laborers were cheered on by a majority of the crowd, and every load of trash was accompanied by wild yells and waving of handkerchiefs from the window.

From the house of R. Johnson, they proceeded to that of Mr. J. P. Sheridan, one of the tenants of the Bank of Maryland—this shared the same fate, and a vast quantity of rich furniture was consumed to the flames. They then attacked the house of Jesse Hunt, the Mayor of the city; this too shared a like fate, though some of the furniture was preserved by the fire companies. From thence a detachment went to the house of Capt. Brantzinger, who was conspicuous as one of the mounted guard. His family fled, and his furniture was consumed.

Another detachment went to the house of Mr. Ellicott, in Pratt street. The furniture was partially destroyed, but the building was respected, it being the property of a widow lady. Even Poultney, who figures so conspicuously in the bank controversy, lives next door to Mr. Ellicott, his house and furniture were not touched, and they lie in a row, from end to the other of the door, which they had doubtless with their feet! I have also understood that the house of Lawyer Grill was assailed, and the furniture destroyed.

To give just some idea of the power of beauty, I will state a circumstance which took place last night. A physician who had acted as one of the mounted guard, became from that fact, obnoxious to the will of the mob. They therefore, as full fury marched to his house. It was about twelve o'clock, and but few of the inhabitants had retired to their rest; Mrs. —— was seated at her door when the crowd came suddenly upon the house—she escaped out upon the porch, and demanded to a loud voice, "Gentlemen what do you want?"

Staggered at the fearlessness of the lovely creature, the leaders hesitated for a moment, and then told the object of their unceremonious visit. She stated that her husband was not at—and that there was no one in the house but herself, another female and a sick infant. "If you are Baltimoreans," said she, "I know you will not attempt to injure us, unprotected as we are; if you are not, pass in." Saying this, she stood aside—but they exclaimed, "No, madam, we will not harm you," and passed on. I am told that the party were strictly sworn to such a pitch, that she passed unmolested after words.

The Governor of the State has arrived in town—a public meeting is now being held at the Exchange, what they intend doing, I know not. A great portion of the mob have gone to Franklin, about six miles from the city, to tear down the house of Wm. Freeman, of the Susquehanna Bridge and Banking Company—and as some say, to tar and feather Capt. Tunnere, who is residing there. The lumber wharf of Hugh McElderry is threatened for tonight; the house of Mr. Sanderson, the Sheriff, and houses of several others.

This is the most popular mob I have ever witnessed, and I have seen several—many of our most esteemed citizens wish it—the poor have suffered, they could not get redress through the law, and so they have sought it in their own way, as curious as it may be to the interests of our city—the cries of widows and orphans are loud, and they will be answered.

9 o'clock.—The city is under martial law, Gen. Samuel Smith in command of the citizen troops, which amount to nearly a thousand. The mob are cursed and organized—the stores and houses closed—now and then a shot may be heard—no pitched battle as yet. It will be hard work for me to make my way in the Post Office with this letter. Respectfully,

Extract of another letter dated

Baltimore, August 10th, 1835. }
half past 8 o'clock, A. M. }

Dear Sir—The carnage committed by the mob, (indeed, I may say Robbery,) for the scene, on Sunday and Sunday night, appeared more like plunder, than any thing else, has at last aroused the citizens to their duty. You will perceive by the papers, that our City, was and is now a garrison, under Martial law. Corps are engaged in the different wards, well officered and armed. Patroles and guards, constantly moving and guarding proscribed persons and property. Taking up all suspicious persons, by this method we shall soon be perfectly restored to security and good order. Considerable property has been destroyed, all of which belonged to three persons, who were supposed to be closely connected with the Bank of Maryland. While this destruction was going on, 4 to 5 of our citizens looked on with perfect indifference, but as soon as others were proscribed and threatened, the scale turned, and the depredators were routed out. And I do hope this disgraceful business, will be well investigated.

We find in the Monday evening Gazette, the following account of the commotions between the mob and the citizens on Saturday evening.

It is proper to say, that no other arms than sticks were used or exhibited by the citizens stationed or otherwise acting as guards to preserve the peace of the city, until after eight or ten of them had been severely wounded by stones and bricks thrown by those who were attempting to pass from Baltimore street to North Calvert street in the Square in front of Johnson's house. It so happened that the pavement in Baltimore street near Calvert, had been raised for the purpose of repairing, and a pile of several thousand bricks at the corner where a house was erecting furnished a convenient magazine of missiles, which were showered by the rioters with unsparing fercity, on the unarmed citizens assembled to support the laws. A bullet was also fired by one of the assaulting mob, which wounded one of the civil officers.

The citizens, thus assailed and defenceless, sent a deputation to the Mayor and the Judges, to request that they would be furnished with fire arms for the purpose of effectually resisting the dangerous missiles with which they had been so outrageously attacked, and to state, that unless such arms were furnished, they could no longer remain in so hazardous a situation. It was, therefore, on consultation, decided, that muskets should be furnished to them, with a strict caution that they were not to fire in any instance, unless actually attacked, or the assailants should, after notice, continue to approach the citizens to the streets they were directed to guard.

The attack upon the house of Mr. Glenn's house was for the moment suspended, it was very soon resumed by a number of men and boys, who continued their depredations through the whole of Sunday without any attempt at intervention—the furniture, linen, and articles of wearing apparel were first broken or torn to pieces, and then carried off by boys and women, white and black—the liquors, of which there was a large quantity, were in part drank by the rioters—but by far the greater portion were carried off in the bottles and jugs, and containing them—hundreds of persons, many of them of decent appearance, were seen on the Sabbath day carrying bottles of stolen wine, through the streets of our city without molestation. The laws appeared to have ceased to operate, and the officers of justice to be paralyzed.

Riots.—Since early on Sunday evening, the city has been in a continual state of excitement and confusion.—General alarm and consternation pervade the minds of conscientious citizens, and while all are alive to the importance of adopting measures to put an end to the disorder, which has prevailed, it appears to be difficult, if not impossible, to devise any plan of which all can approve.

As stated in our paper of yesterday, the first movement was to break into Johnson's house, from which his furniture, and other valuable property was removed and burnt in front of his door, after which the house was greatly injured by breaking down the marble portico in front, and a considerable part of the walls besides the injury done to the interior of the building. The work of destruction having been there completed, the house of John H. Morris, Esq. was next attacked, and shared the same fate.—The house occupied by the Mayor was next attacked, which was considerably injured, but not to the extent of either of the others and a considerable part of his furniture destroyed. The rioters then proceeded to the house which they supposed was occupied by Mr. McElderry, and commenced an attack upon it, but upon being assured that Mr. McElderry did not own the property, that the building belonged to a lady having a number of children to support upon the rent arising from it, and having, by obtaining the key, ascertained it was empty, they left it. They were about commencing an attack upon a new building which Mr. McElderry has been engaged in having erected, but upon being assured that the carpenter employed upon it, was building it by contract, and that the loss arising from any injury done to it would fall upon some poor artizan, desisted from it, before they had done much injury. They destroyed the furniture of Evan T. Ellicott, and injured his dwelling in Pratt street to a considerable extent. All these persons, except the Mayor, have been implicated in the business connected with the failure of the Bank of Maryland, and the popular rage was directed against them on that account.

On Sunday and Sunday night the attack upon Mr. Glenn's house was renewed, the window frames and doors broke in, the principal portion of the front wall broken down, besides the injury done to the interior, the house being left a mere shell.

It was currently reported, yesterday morning, that the Mayor had resigned his office, and left the city. This, however, was not the fact. He had not been absent; but had, during the whole time of the excitement, been actively employed in preserving the quiet of the city before it was disturbed, and to restore it after it was interrupted. The injury done to his property, portion of the fruit of which had been gathered from a tree in his garden, which was just ripe, is comparatively trifling; which gives it the great satisfaction to reflect that every thing has been done by him, and those associated with him, in the performance of their duties, that could be done, and that in a manner which has met the approbation of the citizens generally, and which will be approved by posterity. Whatever may be said of the conduct of the Mayor, it is admitted by all, that he has been actuated by the purest motives, and that his only object has been to preserve the peace of the city, and restore it to its former tranquility.

The riots have exercised a barbarizing spirit towards Evan Thomas, the president of the late Bank of Maryland, for on arrowing before his residence, he met them at the door, and as we are informed, told them that neither the house nor furniture belonged to him—confessed the great error he had committed, and said he had made all the amends in his power, but if they wished to take possession of the house or its by violent hands upon him, he should make no resistance. One of the party replied in substance, as the property was not his, and as he had confessed his error, they would let him off—they only sought those who undertook to justify themselves.—They then gave a shout and passed on.

Among the persons wounded were Lieut. Adams, U. S. Navy; Alexander Chever, son of Langdon Cheves, attorney at law; Col. Finley; Lieut. Hendricks; Dr. S. Hickey, Jr. severely by a stone; not expected to live.

The Baltimore Gazette estimates the amount of property destroyed at One Hundred Thousand Dollars, and remarks.—"Our city will not only suffer in reputation by the present riots, but the holders of property in the city will be severely taxed to compensate for sufferers by the lawless acts of the mob—which, from the experience of last night, it is evident beyond the possibility of a doubt, might have been prevented with great certainty and perfect safety. Justice says, that the city and the city alone, whose constituted authorities could and ought to have protected the property of individuals from lawless injury, and did not, shall pay a full compensation to the injured."

The following is one of the placards, posted about Baltimore:

FELLOW CITIZENS—LET US PAUSE!

LAST NIGHT we have solely shown what Robbers are to expect at the hands of Baltimoreans, but let us stop now and give them a chance once more to make restitution, and if they can, to justify themselves.

For this purpose, let US in general Town Meeting, on Wednesday next (to give all concerned time to appear) of which hour and place will be published in the Daily Papers, appoint five respectable Citizens, and THEY, forthwith, to examine all the affairs of the Bank of Maryland, and on their report let us inaugurate or guilt or INNOCENT we have done them WRONG—if GUILTY and they do not make restitution to the widow and Orphan, to the FULL EXTENT of their means, let us visit them with the just indignation of an injured community. But fellow Citizens you are beseeched not to proceed further at present, out of respect to your characters as Good Men, but to afford, in mercy to the guilty, once more a chance to turn from the evil of their ways. It will be doing, as we would be done by.—Mere good not be said. ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

Sunday Evening, Aug. 9.

The Baltimore papers unite in bestowing the highest praises upon the venerable General Samuel Smith, in whose energy the quelling of the riots, after they had reached an appalling height, through the imbecility of the proper authorities, is chiefly to be attributed. General Smith is 84 years of age. He was the first to recommend action, and marched through the streets beating up for volunteers, with the flag of the Union waving over his head. He is proposed as a candidate for the Mayoralty.

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

THE MERRY SUMMER MONTHS.

BY L. E. L.

They come, the merry summer months of Beauty,
Song and Flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up my heart! and walk abroad, fling care and care aside,
Seek silent hills, or rest thyself where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast of patriarchal tree,
Gaze through its leaves the cloudless sky in rapt tranquility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch is grateful to the hand,
And, like the kiss of maiden love, the breeze is sweet and bland;
The daisy and the buttercup, are nodding courteously,
It sure their blood, with kindest love, to bless and welcome thee;
And mark how with thine own thin locks—they now are silvery grey—
That blissful breeze is wantoning, and whispering "Be gay."

There is no cloud that sails along the ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winging mariner to give it melody:
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread all gleaming like red gold,
And hark! with shrill pipe musical, their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, those little ones, who far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys, and vent a nobler mirth.

But soft! mine ear upcaught a sound, from yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade did breathe his own glad name;—
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird, that apart from all his kind,
Blow tells his hoods monotonous to the soft western wind;
Cuckoo! Cuckoo! he sings again—his notes are void of art,
But simple strains do sooner sound the deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord! it is a gracious boon for thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again those summer flowers beneath this summer tree!
To such once more in every breath their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams of youth's bright summer day,
When, rushing forth like untamed colt, the reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long, a mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now, I have had cause; but oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore, I yet delight to drink;
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream, the calm unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dreams, as in the days gone by,
When summer's loveliness and light fall around me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—a heart that hath wax'd old!

Two negroes at the South, who had just been to hear an elegant pulpit discourse, were conversing together respecting it, when one remarked, that he "could no understand." The other replied, that he understood all but one word. "What dat?" "*Perseverance!*" "O, one tell you what dat mean; it mean, take right hold—hold fast—hang on, and no let go."

A French gentleman presenting in a very jocose manner a young Marquis to a fashionable lady of his acquaintance—

Madam, said he, this is the Marquis de Tierceville, and he is not so great a fool as he looks.

Madam, answered the young Marquis, this is the exact difference between this gentleman and me.

PUTTING THE QUESTION.—A young school Miss, whose teachers had taught that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her consent to marry him replied 'No, no.' The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, when for the first time he learned that no no, meant yes.

LATELY MARRIED.—You see that prim-looking young man yonder with smooth chin, countenance all in smiles, neatly trimmed whiskers, dove-colored frock, white vest, well blacked boots, new broadcloth coat and pantaloons, shining silk hat; on his arm a handsome new market basket, filled with the delicacies of the market, and in one hand a monthly rose in full bloom. Yes!—how careful he walks,—erect, too, as a May-pole, his head as immoveable as though it were stuck on a pivot—a smile for every body—and a crimson cheek for each friend he meets. He seems the happiest man alive, and in good humor, with all the world. 'Yes; well what of him?'—'What? why *—he got married last week!*"

ANECDOTE.—During one of the frontier wars in Pennsylvania, it was found necessary to send out a company of rangers or spies. After they had arrived at one of their points of destination, it was thought advisable to send out one of the officers of the company with a command of 5 men, to reconnoitre the movements of the enemy. A dutchman constituted one of the party, and on the evening of the second day they came upon the Indian camp, covered with bark, and discovered fresh signs of the enemy. A council was accordingly held, upon which it was determined to secret themselves upon the top of the camp, and await the arrival of the Indians. After the night fall had set in, several of these sons of the forest entered the camp, divested themselves of their implements of war and commenced preparing something to satisfy the call of hunger. Our Dutchman had an itching to know what was going on below. He accordingly raised himself forward in defiance of all the forbidding gestures of his comrades, until he reached a post so far on the projecting tree, that it tipt with, and precipitated him head foremost upon the foe.—When he discovered that he was falling, he cried out, "Here I comes, py Cot!" Whereupon the affrighted savages fled and left the camp, an easy conquest to his comrades.

THE SCOLD.

To dine on devils without drinking,
To want a seat when almost sinking,
To pay to-day—receive to-morrow,
To sit at feasts, in silent sorrow,
To sweat in winter—in the boot,
To feel the gravel cut one's foot!
Or a cursed flea within the stocking
Chase up and down—how very shocking;
With one hand dirty, one hand clean,
Or with one slipper to be seen:
To be detained when most in hurry,
Might put Griselda in a flurry,
But these and every other bore,
If to the list you add a score,
Are not so bad, upon my life,
As that one scourge—a scolding wife!

Nothing is more easy than to grow Rich.—It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to mind ourselves, and every body belongs to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no one for your friend—to heap interest, upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable and despised, for some twenty or thirty years, and then we will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when we've nearly *enough* wealth is collected, by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness—death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole, the hairs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?"

ANECDOTE OF GILBERT STUART.

A party travelling in England, of whom Stuart was one, affords the following story:—

"After blazing away in his dramatic manner, his companions were very desirous to know *who* and *what* he was, for whatever Doctor Franklin may have said a century ago of the *question-asking propensity* of his countrymen, I never noticed so much of that kind of travelling curiosity as New England as in Britain. On the contrary, I am certain that we in the United States are remarkably free from that sort of travelling importunateness. To the round-about question, to find out his calling or profession, Mr. Stuart answered with a grave face, and serious tone, that he sometimes dressed gentlemens' and ladies' hair, (at that time the craped pomatumed hair was all the fashion.)—"You are a hair-dresser then?" "What," said he, "do you take me for a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask you what you are then?" "Why I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat, or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat." "O, you are a valet, then, to some nobleman?" "A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant—to be sure I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." "Oh! you are a tailor?" "Tailor? do I look like a tailor? I'll assure you, I never handled a goose, other than a roasted one." By this time they were all in a roar. "What the devil are you then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. 'Be assured all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats, and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches, and likewise boots and shoes *at your service.*' 'Oho! a boot and shoemaker after all!' 'Guess again, gentlemen, I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true.' 'We may as well give up guessing.' After checking his laughter, and pumping up a fresh flow of spirits by a large pinch of snuff, he said to them very gravely, "Now gentlemen, I will not play the fool with you any longer, but will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide* profession. I get my bread by making faces." He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments of his visage, in a manner such as Samuel Foote or Charles Matthews might have envied. When his companions, after loud peals of laughter had emptied themselves, each took it seriously that the gentleman belonged to the theatre," and they all knew he must be a comedian by profession; when to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a play-house, or any similar place of amusement. They now all looked at each other with astonishment.

Before parting, Stuart said to his companions, "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments, is compromised in these few words: I am a portrait-painter. If you will call at John Palmer's, York-Buildings, London, where I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair, a-la mode, supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimension, accommodate you with boots and shoes, give you ruffles or cravats, and make faces for you."

"While taking a parting glass at the inn, they begged leave to enquire of their pleasant companion, in what part of England he was born; he told them he was not born in England, Wales, Ireland, or Scotland. Here was another puzzle for John Bull.—"Where then?" "I was born at Narragansett."—Where's that?" "Six miles from Pottawomo, and ten miles from Popparomah, and about four miles west of Connonicut, and not far from the spot where the famous battle with the warlike Pequots was fought." "In what part of the East Indies was that, sir?" "East Indies, my dear sir! it is in the state of Rhode Island, between Massachusetts and Connecticut river." This was all Greek to his companions, and he left them to study a new lesson of geography, affording another instance of the ignorance of islanders, respecting men of genius, whose vernacular tongue is the same with that of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Shakspeare, Milton, and Pope.

From the Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

Encounter of the clan Chattan and clan Kay.—The incident of the conflict of two select bands of Highlanders near Perth, on which the tale of the Fair Maid of Perth has been founded, is one confirmed by historical and traditionary evidence. The following seems to be the most authentic account of this singular pitched battle. About the the year 1392, a serious feud broke out betwixt two confederations of Highlanders, and it was resolved that the difference should be decided by a combat of thirty men at clan Chattan against the same number of the clan Kay; that the battle should take place on the North Inch of Perth, a beautiful and level meadow, in part surrounded by the river Tay, and that it should be fought in the presence of the king, at that time Robert III. and his nobles.

The day having arrived whereon the combat should take place, the parties on each side were drawn out, armed with sword and target, axe and dagger, and stood looking on each other with fierce and savage aspects, when, just as the signal for fight was expected the commander of the clan Chattan perceived that one of his men, whose heart had failed him, had deserted his standard. There was no time to seek another man from the clan; so the chieftain, as the only resource, was obliged to offer a reward to any one who would fight in the room of the fugitive. One Henry Wynd, a citizen of Perth, and a saddler by trade, a little bandy-legged man, but of great strength and activity, and well accustomed to use the broadsword, offered himself, for half a French crown, to serve on the part of the clan Chattan in the battle of that day.

The signal was then given by the sound of the royal trumpets, and of the great war bag-pipes of the Highlanders, and the two parties fell on each other with the utmost fury, their natural ferocity of temper being excited by feudal hatred against the hostile clan, zeal for the honor of their own, and a consciousness that they were fighting in the presence of the king and nobles of Scotland. As they fought with the two-handed sword and axe, the wounds they inflicted on each other were of a ghastly sort and character. Heads were cloven asunder, limbs lopped from the trunk. The meadow was soon flooded with blood, and covered with dead and wounded men.

In the midst of the deadly conflict, the chieftain of the clan Chattan observed that Henry Wynd, after he had slain one of the clan Kay, drew aside, and did not seem willing to fight more.

"How is this?" said he, "art thou afraid?"

"Not I," answered Henry; "but I have done enough of work for half a crown."

"Forward and fight!" said the Highland chief; "he that does not grudge his day's work, I will not stint him in his wages."

Thus encouraged, Henry Wynd again plunged into the conflict, and, by his excellence as a swordsman, contributed a great deal to the victory, which at length fell to the clan Chattan. Ten of the victors, with Henry Wynd, whom the Highlanders called the *Gow Chrom* (that, is, the crooked or bandy-legged smith, though he was a saddler, for war-saddles were then made of steel,) were left alive, but they were all wounded. Only one of the clan Kay survived, and he was unhurt. But this single individual dared not oppose himself to eleven men, though all more or less hurt, but, throwing himself into the Tay, swam to the other side, and went off to the Highlands, to carry the news of his clan's defeat. It is said he was so ill received by his kinsmen that he put himself to death.

Some part of the above story is matter of tradition, but the general fact was certain. Henry Wynd was rewarded to the Highland chieftain's best abilities; but it was remarked, that, when the battle was over, he was not able to tell the name of the clan he fought for, replying when asked on which side he had been, that he was fighting for his own hand. Hence the proverb, "Every man for his own hand, as Harry Wynd fought."

FLYING DOGS.

[From Meyer's voyage round the world.]

Having collected a large number of plants, we left the island of Talim, to proceed to the little islands of Panican and Labago, situated at a short distance from Talim, one of the Philippine islands. The weather, meanwhile, changed, and the rain fell in torrents: and by the time we reached the island of Panican, which was covered with most luxuriant vegetation, it was impossible to effect a landing anywhere. We had observed at a distance, large pear-shaped bodies, which we at first took for birds' or bats' nests, suspended from the lofty trees that overhung the shores of this little island. The people on shore called to us to fire into the trees, as these supposed birds' nests were nothing less than the gigantic bats, known by the name of the flying dogs. We accordingly fired several shots at these thick masses, and the horrible creatures rose, with much exertion, and frightful cries, into the air, several of them falling down dead, and others remaining suspended from the branches. The large hooks with which their wings and feet are furnished, enable them to cling firmly. They generally double themselves upon a pear-shaped form, and laying hold of the branches with their hooks, their whole body is thus wrapped up in their wings. We rowed round the island, and after repeated shots, brought the whole multitude that inhabits the woods into confusion.—Such of the bats as had been shot and fell into the water, dived as soon as we attempted to take them up, and thus we obtained only those which were shot dead upon the spot, and had fallen into the lake. After the whole body, consisting of perhaps 100,000 had risen into the air, and filled the whole neighborhood with their hideous cries, they returned and flew to the adjacent island of Labago. The vermilion eyes of this animal, its large and hideous form, together with its frightful scream, render it one of the most disgusting creatures on the face of the earth. We shot several which measured four feet from tip to tip of the extended wings. They live entirely on fruits, and, as they travel in such immense number, they cause considerable damage to the farmer; plantains, mangoes, and guavas, to the crop of which the laborer has looked forward for months, frequently disappear in one night.

MANSION HOUSE.—On Saturday week a Frenchman, named Collard, whose pocket had been picked of a handkerchief a few days ago, charged a fellow, named Brown, with attempting to steal his handkerchief. The prosecutor, a laughing, jolly-looking man, said "my Lor, I was going down Lombar street, Friday week, and I felt tog away with my handkerchief; so, as I was going down Lombar street again yesterday, I thought I would pin my handkerchief to my pocket, so de little garcon should not get him out; so, ven I go to de place vere I vas tugged, I felt nother tug, and I turned about and this garcon had a hold of my handkerchief. "Ah, ah!" say I. "I have caught you."—"Oh, Monsour!" say he, "if you don't take care you will lose your handkerchief out of your pocket," but I say to him, "I will take care not lose you;" and I held him last, and I bring him here for your Lordship to try him. The prisoner said—I saw the gentleman's wipe hanging out of his pocket, and I told him so, and the thanks he gave me was thrusting me into prison. If I had not told him he would have lost his wipe, there was so many bad characters in the street. The Lord Mayor said that the prisoner must go to Bridewell for two months, for going too far in his endeavour to protect his neighbour's property. Prisoner—It is hard to be locked up for an act of mere kindness. The Lord Mayor—It *is* indeed, especially for so long a time. The prosecutor to the prisoner—Ah, ah! I thought I'd catch you vith de pus. I am going to France to-morrow, and I will tell them there how to catch thieves.

Life in Lisbon.—It was an affair of danger to walk home alone from a party at night. I contrived to do it with impunity, armed with an iron cane, keeping the middle of the street, and not allowing any Portuguese to walk behind me. Nothing could be more dreary and "cut-throat" than the appearance of the streets after dusk. Narrow, black with mud, and bounded by tall houses, they were only lighted at some intervals by wretched lamps on those nights when there was no moon; when the almanack said the moon ought to shine, the oil was saved. However, as there was no provision made for clouds darkening occasionally the face of the Cynthian queen, the faint glimmer of the lights at the images of the Virgin were also seen on these occasions. The people retire early to rest in Lisbon, and from nine to twelve I seldom observed any one in the street, except an occasional sentry with his bright-barrelled musket, a solitary pedestrian hurrying along in his cloak, or dogs prowling about. A few nights after my arrival, I was returning from a soirée down the steep street Alecrim; the moon was shining bright, and I was beginning to be very sentimental, whilst admiring the vine leaves and flowers hanging over the wall of the garden of the Conde Faroba, and observing at the bottom of the descent the Tagus blatherly gilding in light to the sea, when my pleasant reveries were interrupted by the sudden uplifting of a window, and, accompanied by a drowsy cry of "Agoa vai" (there goes water,) down came a torrent within a few feet of me. There was a rush of dogs to the spot; I made a detour, and escaped to my quiet chamber. In walking the streets between nine and twelve at night, it is necessary, if alone, to keep near the middle of the thoroughfare, and talk to oneself; or else "showers of glory" will descend without any warning.—*Sketches in Portugal.*

Electricity.—The striking is the appearance of the lone line of streets on some snowy night, when the pavement is all clean, and the midway frozen so hard that every flake lies where it falls. Of all the children of the elements, Snow is surely the most graceful, the most gentle, the most courtly. Wind beats him in variety; he is up to any music, from a lullaby to a grand chorus. One night he will moan like any delicate and tender hearted lover; on the next, he will roar as if he had an army at his back, and wanted only the lean in the world more provocation, to crush your house down to the ground, with one of his gigantic bursts; and even in his bitter humors, when he is neither melancholy nor mad, the audacity of his conduct is proverbial. Think of the ships that he has wrecked, the venerable fruit and forest trees which he has blown down, the corn he has prostrated, the houses he has unroofed! Rain—why, for rain, there is not one simple good word to be said, save by some discontented farmers, or on some very dusty day—and then one may cumber for a thunder shower, but nothing more, and that, half for the sake of the spectacle. Hail, clearer than rain, but shrewd and biting past endurance. Thunder and lightning, too startling for people of sensibility; no one likes to become over on a sudden, with a loud hitch-hing jest, and a fierce flash of fire, which, for aught you know, may carry away the use of his eyes, ears and hands. Frost is as cold and stern! the muse of the elements, who locks up every thing beautiful and green in motion, with his key of adamant, and would have reserve you into the uncomfortable belief that flowers are dead forever, and that brooks will run no more; albeit, it must be said of Frost, that, like other misers, he can sometimes do magnificent things, and treat you to such a mere show, as there is nothing else in nature to compare with—changing scrubby sere trees into enchanted palaces of diamonds, and making hedges of dry sticks outvie the fair famed grotto of Antiparos. Throw in too dirty for decent company; but Snow, (by the way, too dirty for decent company; but Snow, (by the way, his only failing is his propensity to appear at the same time that slovenly personage). Snow is a gentleman born; his easy, exquisite decent, shames the best executed flights of the peerless Taglioni herself; and then he is as quiet as he is elegant; as pure, until the earth had soiled him, as if he were a creation formed of the down dropped from angels' wings. How beautiful, in the space of one short hour, has he strewn the vista before us, canopying the hoy as with a silver mantel, and spreading beneath our feet a carpet so delicate that it almost goes against our consciences to tread upon it.

INDIAN RUBBER TREE, CAOUTCHOUC.

This tree abounds to a great extent in the province of Para, on the north coast of Brazil. There are often ten thousand of the natives employed in the forests to take the milk, or *caoutchouc*, as the sap is called. The trees are about sixty feet high and twenty or twenty-four inches in diameter, and destitute of branches except near the top. When the milk was first brought into use for manufacturing purposes, the trees were cut down to procure it, for the natives were not aware that it could be obtained yearly, by tapping.—And this process does not injure the tree at all; but rather adds to its growth and vigour. The mode of obtaining the milk, or liquid, is not very unlike that used in procuring the sap from the maple tree, in this country, for sugar. The Indians make cuts in the tree, and apply clay cups, (which they easily make themselves) to catch the milk. The caoutchouc, or milk, does not long remain in a liquid state. The moulds to which it is to be applied, (or according to which it is to be formed and shaped) are generally carried out in the forests by the Indians, when they tap the trees; at least, they must be used within twenty-four hours, for after that time, the milk becomes dry and hard.—But when it wanted to fit a deformed foot, one goes to *the Ruby* in Para, who models a lump of clay to represent the clump foot. The most common use for which the caoutchouc is applied, is for shoes. The town of Para, containing 30,000 inhabitants, is rendered quite singular in its appearance, given it by the display of India rubber shoes. The shoes are strung together by thousands; and the substance, before it becomes hard, is formed into a thousand shapes of monkies, and other animals, as playthings for children.—It is supposed that fifteen hundred tons of this article are annually exported. It is coming into use in various ways. It is used to render cotton garments impervious to wet; and as such finds a great demand in England. Large quantities are now taken to the U. States, chiefly in shoes; and much is shaped and formed after it is imported.

Friendship—A SIMILE.—An aged oak, rearing its head exposed and alone on a barren hill; the rough blast whistles through its worn-out limbs; the battering hail beats forcibly against its side. Long it has braved the raging elements—long magnanimously withstood their fury—but its strength now fails, exhausted and fatigued; with no friendly wood in part to screen it from the assailing storm, it groans awhile beneath its fury, until at length its branches are severed and dispersed by the all sweeping powers of Heaven's electric ball.

So it is with friendless man; the dark rolling waves of adversity, incessantly rush against him; the clouds are black and rough; they roll along the sky of sorrow, emit their sulphurous flames on his devoted head—amazed he stands, no friendly arm appears to rescue him from the roaring cataract of ruin; hence falls the wretched creature and sinks amid the whirling waves to rise no more.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

SUMMER FALLOWING.

The practice of summer fallowing for wheat on lands free of stumps, stones, and noxious weeds, in my opinion, is not only useless, but injurious to the land.

I take it for granted that the land intended for wheat is clover sward, for every good farmer will seed with clover the whole of his arable land.

It is the present practice to plough such ground in the month of June, to cross plough it at a proper time—and just before seeding time to give it a shirk ploughing. Here is severe labor for the farmer, and the operation is an expensive one. The farmer may obtain a good crop—but "pays too dear for the whistle."

In the first place, he loses the use of his land at least one season—it requiring two, under this system, to obtain a crop of wheat—and the expense of preparing the ground is very considerable.

Secondly—The green turf is decomposed during the hot months of summer, and the gas so necessary to vegetation evaporates and is lost.

Thirdly—Is it not reasonable to suppose that the soil itself is injured by several months' exposure to the parching rays of the sun during the process? That wheat does not require the decomposition of the sward of clover before it is sown, to produce a good crop, is abundantly proven by the fact that crops are often obtained from clover sward by a single ploughing. This, if done in a farmer like manner, in good season, is almost certain to afford a heavy crop of good wheat.

Here, then, is one mode of raising wheat without summer fallowing—with one ploughing only—and the farmer also has the use of the land for hay or pasture. This is an important consideration—and he also gets a crop of something every year. Most of our farmers might cut to 15 or 20 acres of wheat annually in this way, on the land where they reaped their clover hay the same season.

The best fields of wheat the writer has seen this summer, are at this time growing on clover sward, after one ploughing. The seat of the land that the farmer intends for wheat, may be manured with long manure in the fall, and ploughed—or early in the spring, at his election—and planted with Beans, Peas, Potatoes, and Indian Corn.

Beans may be sown broad cast 3 bushels to the acre—and when sufficiently ripe may be cut with the scythe, and secured like hay.

An early variety of the potatoe ripens early in September—peas can always be secured in season, and the corn crop, though later, is so valuable to the farmer that it ought not to be neglected. Every bushele to the acre is a common crop, and the stalks, if secured in season, are excellent fodder for young cattle and sheep.

In fact, the prejudices of our farmers against this crop are groundless. Lands suitable for it, properly manured, and well attended, almost always insure a large crop; and the expense of its production does not greatly exceed summer fallowing for wheat—and when properly secured it is worth about as much as a crop of wheat—and the ground, if the corn has been well attended, with one ploughing, will be prepared for wheat—and this crop should follow that of corn, the same season—and the product of the wheat crop, it well put in, will be from 12 to 25 bushels to the acre—the same remark will apply to potatoes, beans and peas. The two last are considered ameliorating crops, the land being in a better state for the reception of the wheat than it none had been raised.

As it regards potatoes, no crop is so valuable to the farmer. They are now worth in the market 37½ cents, wholesale—and they will make for the farmer his pork, his beef, and are valuable as food for his horses, cattle, and pigs, during the winter and spring. Two hundred bushels to the acre is an ordinary crop, and when planted in rows, (not in hills,) more than three times that quantity has been produced. Thus, then, if the opinion of the writer be correct, the practice of summer fallowing may generally be discontinued, and the farmer greatly benefitted. If you don't believe it, try it on a small scale and be satisfied.

Great improvement can yet be made in horses, cattle and sheep, in this country. In fact, our cattle, as a whole, are inferior to those of almost any other country. Our horses are rather better, but great improvements can yet be made here in this noble animal. At present, it is difficult to ascertain what yet remains to be done in this branch of husbandry in Tompkins county—and it is often difficult for the farmer to find a purchaser for the horses or cattle he may have for sale, and for individuals desirous of purchasing to know where to obtain them.

We therefore want an *Agricultural Fair*, for the sale of the productions of the farm. At this fair our farmer might exhibit their live stock, samples of wood grain, &c., and find, without difficulty, ready purchasers, and fair prices for their articles. A couple of days in the year, one in the spring and the other in October, might be advantageously spent by the principal farmers of Tompkins county, at such fairs. It is respectfully submitted for their consideration.

Manures.—Every individual who can make pretensions to a knowledge of farming, is aware of the importance of manures.

These, in the opinion of the writer, should be used for summer crops exclusively, except plaster—and the farmer should manure as much as he can thoroughly, at least ten wagon loads to the acre, and when properly done it will answer for ten years—on some soils longer. Long manure is the most valuable, when ploughed in. Ridiculous prejudices exist among some, otherwise good farmers, against the use of plaster.—They erroneously suppose that will take the land, in time, by exhausting it. In the river counties it has been freely used for half a century, and lands, which before its introduction were worth $15 an acre, are now selling for from sixty to one hundred dollars. It is of great value as a manure, and can be advantageously applied to meadows, (if not very wet,) pasture land, to corn and potatoes, and even to wheat, especially in dry season.

Late sown wheat should always be plastered in the spring, and some farmers think in the fall.

Wood ashes are also an excellent manure for most kinds of land, especially when mixed with plaster—principally as a top dressing for corn and potatoes, and even for peas.

But the easiest and cheapest way to manure good arable lands, is by clover and plaster. In fact, the farmer should raise no other grass, for pasture, and upland mocked down for meadow should consist of this grass, mixed with wheat, which is termed timothy grass—and every farmer should raise his own grass seed.

It should be thickly sown in the best, and the whole of the land sown with wheat should be seeded with grass and clover seed. The system of husbandry not only greatly enriches the land, but keeps out weeds and other grasses less valuable and more difficult to subdue. In a word, it leaves the land in all times in a proper state for the reception of a crop of grain.

The large or mammoth clover is the most valuable species for this purpose, and, if thickly sown, will make good hay.

Some farmers raise two or more wheat crops in succession on the same land. This is a bad practice.—The second crop is always uncertain, and it generally leaves the land covered with clubs and cockle.

The good farmer will always endeavor to have a regular rotation of crops—first, corn, peas, or beans; then wheat, and then grass—and never two wheat crops in succession—or oats, or rye, after wheat; or in other words, his green crop will precede and follow his white one.

Two green crops in succession are also injurious to land, as corn after corn.

Corn should always be raised in sward land, and it should be highly manured. Peas will also grow well on a clover sward, ploughed in the fall, and also beans and potatoes.

I think I before remarked that corn should never be topped—it injures the grain, and the produce is less by 6 or 10 bushels in the acre.

But, sir, I find I am scribbling at a great rate, and must close my remarks for the present.

A FARMER.

P. S. I am a great enemy to oats, and a greater to flax; they are both great exhausters; and wheat should not follow either. Some of our farmers cultivate flax for the seed. It will prove to them the dearest crop they ever raised. The good farmer will not raise to sell either oats or flax. They may afford a quick return, but, on good wheat land, will in the end prove to him a dear crop. A heavy crop of corn is far less injurious than either, and the wheat crop after it will be better, provided the land was well manured in the spring.—*Tompkins Times.*

FOR the cure of White Swellings, Bone Legs and Ulcers, Scrofula or Kings Evil, Tumours, Felons, Abscesses, Pains, Sprains, and Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Inflammation in Women's Breasts, Grandular Swellings, Old and Fresh Wounds, Chilblains, Tetters, Piles, Ring Worms, Eruptions of long standing, and Sore Eyes.

In this edition of my directions, I beg leave to state to the public, that there has been an article of this kind bearing my name, that has been extensively sold in this city and elsewhere, but which I am sorry to say) is not well prepared, nor for use, except at two or three places in this city; and after this date it will be prepared by JAMES S. GLASCOE, only, and I take leave to recommend the public to purchase from him as the genuine "Dr. WILLIAM JUDKIN'S PECTIC OINTMENT," as every box will be inspected by me before it is offered for sale.

The public therefore are cautioned against purchasing any that has not the Seal of a Lion and Horse on each jar, nor the signature of JAS. S. GLASCOE, in his own handwriting, signed on the outside wrapper.

In addition, I have procured a few certificates of cures, to promote its utility and some of them from members of Congress of the United States, as well as the very first men in the different walks of life, and I refer to all of my medical brethren; and when I turn and examine the evidence which has been given in such flattering terms, as to many extraordinary cures, of diseases of long and painful standing, and which have resisted many ordinary remedies, administered by skilful hands, I feel grateful in finding myself the instrument, and I feel confident, from the experience of the past year, and I am sure he will find it his interest to do so, I shall be supplied with not less than five dollars per year as my business he will find examined.

Address ALLEN WARD, No. 2 George St. near the Court House, Philadelphia. P. O. box 1035.

☞ A certificate receipt of the above will be kept for sale at Peter Lachman's Hair and Chemical Store, No. 52 Market street, Philadelphia. aug 8—3m

Gardner's Celebrated
Vegetable Liniment,
The most Valuable Remedy ever Discovered

FOR the Cure of Sprains, Bruises, Cuts or Wounds, Corns, Chalks or Galls, Pain in the Eye, and every external complaint to which Horses are liable. Also, for the Human Flesh, it speedily cures the Cuts of Burns or Scalds, Fresh Wounds, Rheumatic Pains, Swelling of the Glands of the Throat in Croup, Ague in the Face, Ring worms and Tetters, painful Tumours, &c. &c.

NOTICE.—It is now about five years since I first discover ed this valuable remedy, during which time I have presented it chiefly for my own use, and that of my immediate acquaintances in exciting cases, where the most astonishing cures were effected, but as the People are daily imposed upon by ignorant pretenders, who have no knowledge of the nature of diseases, and their proper treatment, and as I have been deceived and have become disgusted with every thing like quackery, I for a long time refused to have it offered to the public for sale, but am thus forced to do it by the repeated urging and constant advice of those to whom I have distributed the article for the benefit of the poor, whose cases are mentioned above. They have, unsolicited, presented me with their certificates for publication, that others may be benefited, some which I present.

Cincinnati, August 1, 1834. JAMES GARDNER.

The above valuable remedy (since the death of Mr. Gardner,) has fallen into the hands of the subscriber, who is now the sole proprietor.

JAMES S. GLASCOE,
Druggist, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Also, sold by Peter Lehman, No. 231 Market street, Philadelphia. aug 8—3mo

Fashions for Tailors.

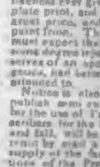
THE largest and most showy print ever offered to the Trade, is now ready for delivery, and will be handsomely executed and deposited the pay for it. The price to non subscribers is five dollars, and ought to be double that amount—and has been extensively sold in this city and Washington alone, which is but one of the twenty figures of the print, is worth more than the price set upon the whole sheet. The figure of Washington adjudged to be the most striking likeness ever given of him, and may be had framed as a copper-plate print, and if so, will be deemed by posterity a head of great price, and will be sought after as a model to draw and paint from. Those who order the print sent to them by mail, must expect that the postage will be paid by the payee with in some degree injure the beauty of the sheet, all who avail themselves of an opportunity to have it packed with merchants' goods, will have give information, post paid, and it shall be attended to.

Notice is also hereby given, that the Author continues to publish some annually, if requested, such changes of fashion as may occur in the interim, and subscribers for the fashions to be sent them by mail each spring and fall, will be attended to with promptitude, provided they remit a dollar note, which will pay for a year's supply of the fashions, and for the drafts, price and explanations of the Protractor System. And should the subscriber ever die, his heirs are bound to supply the first year, and I am sure he will find it his interest to do so, for the system is worth far five dollars per year as per seasons he will find examined.

Address ALLEN WARD, No. 2 George St. near the Court House, Philadelphia. P. O. box 1035.

aug 8—3m

Lucas Gillingham



RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers, that he has removed from No. 5 North Second St. to No. 9 North Fourth St. N. W. corner of Market St. where he continues to manufacture and keep on hand a general assortment of Umbrellas and Parasols, which he will sell Wholesale and Retail on the most reasonable terms.

Warranted to be of superior materials and workmanship.

aug 8—6mo

Greene County, ss.

IN the Orphan's Court of Greene county, Pa. at June Term, 1835.

Rule on the Petition of Thomas Patton, Administrator of the Real Estate of Joseph Hall, late of Philadelphia deceased. The heirs and legal representatives of said deceased are hereby notified, that by pursuance of an Act of Assembly in such case made and provided.

BENJAMIN SMITH, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, July 20th 1835.

aug 8—3t

Jacob Semneff,

Brass Steel and Cane Reed Manufactory,
146 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

THIS improved Cane Reed, for which he received a patent from the United States, he warrants to be superior in all respects to those made on the old plan.

An assortment of Reeds and Heddles, for city and country work, constantly on hand.

Also, a large supply of Reeds, suitable for summer merchants.

Brass and Steel Reeds, made to order at the shortest notice, and all other work warranted to be of the best quality, and sold at the lowest prices.

A general assortment of first quality Worsted Heddle Yarn, sold wholesale and retail. aug 8—3mo

Store Goods

In great Variety, at Public Sale.

THE subscribers will positively sell without reserve, on the first of September next, their entire stock of Store Goods, at the Lima Inn, Radnor township, Consisting of blue, black, brown and olive superfine broadcloths; drab, lavender mixture, striped and gingham, woollen and cotton flannels, checks and ginlings; ticking, bleached and unbleached muslins; silks, velvets and ribbons; prints; fancy dresses, linen and corduroy; hose and Pittsburgh goods; silk and cotton laces, shawls and fancy dress fabrics; groceries and hardware, under ware, pants and drugs, boots and shoes, ready made clothing, black and white, fur and wool hats; stoneware; liquors and groceries, such as brandy and Lisbon, port and Madeira wines, loaf and brown sugars, imperial, young hyson and black tea, molasses, coffee, rice, &c. Also, about three eight day clocks, four fanning mills, one horse and fancy carriages, wagon and harness, and a variety of other articles not enumerated. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, and to continue from day to day until all is sold.

GEORGE MEGRAW,
JOHN J. PENN.

aug 8—3t

For Sale,

THOSE two of a first rate business stand for Manufacturing, three making, bonnet blocking Machine—walking, &c., was a good run of work, and all the tools necessary for carrying on the above business, on moderate terms. Apply at No. 8 N. Fourth street.

N. B.—The present proprietor declines the business, on account of being about to remove to the western country.

june 13, tf

PHILADELPHIA CITY SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

Office No. 91 South Second Street.

Capital $200,000.

OFFICERS.

Joseph S. Ritner, President. | Alexander Cook, } Treasurers.
William H. Jordan—Treas'r. | Chas. W. Tyson, }
John McClintock—Sec'ry. | Joseph Worrell, }

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Alexander Cook, | Joseph Worrell,
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W. M. Wy'coop, jr. | Henry Troth,
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This Institution, having for its object the benefit of the saving and economical classes of our citizens, will receive any sum of money from one dollar upwards, and pay interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, on the first days of January and July, from which days the interest will commence on the following Monday.

Regular weekly deposites of from $1 to $ 5, shall receive the interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and all sums of $5 and upwards, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Sums from $20 to $200 to remain not less than 3 months, and sums of $200 and upwards, not less than 6 months, on which interest will be allowed thereon.

In addition to the withdrawals of deposites, will be received, but no interest will be allowed thereon.

Fifteen days's notice to be given previous to withdrawing deposites, the interest ceasing on the day such notice is given.

No loan can be made to any officer or director of the institution.

Office is opposite Carpenter street, and will be open for the transaction of business from 9 o'clock A. M. to 2 P. M. and from 4 to 6 P. M. every day.

Applications for loans to be made on Tuesdays. Answers given on the Monday morning of the week.

CHARLES G. IMBRIE, President.
JAMES B. SMILEY, Secretary.

july 25—3mo

Private Sale.

THE Subscriber offers at Private Sale a *Small Farm*, situate in Horsham Township, Montgomery county, adjoining lands of Josephus Knight, John Penn and others, near the Bethlehem turnpike road, 10 miles from Philadelphia, and 14 from the Spring House Tavern, containing 34 acres and 22 perches of land. The situation is high and healthy, commanding a beautiful prospect of the surrounding country, conv